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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has increased from 600 million to 800 million. The number of people who are malnourished has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people who are obese has increased from 100 million to 300 million.

The World Bank has estimated that the number of people who are undernourished in the world will increase from 800 million in 1990 to 1.2 billion in 2020. The number of people who are malnourished will increase from 1.5 billion in 1990 to 2.2 billion in 2020. The number of people who are obese will increase from 300 million in 1990 to 600 million in 2020.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion.

As the world's population grows, the demand for food and other resources will increase. This will put pressure on the environment and on the world's food supply.

One way to meet this demand is to increase the amount of food that is produced. This can be done by using more land for agriculture, or by increasing the productivity of the land that is already being used.

Another way to meet this demand is to reduce the amount of food that is wasted. This can be done by improving the way that food is stored and distributed, or by changing the way that people eat.

There are many other ways to meet this demand, and it is important that we find ways to do so that do not harm the environment or the world's food supply.

One of the most important things we can do is to make sure that we have enough food to feed everyone. This means that we need to make sure that we have enough land for agriculture, and that we have enough water to grow crops.

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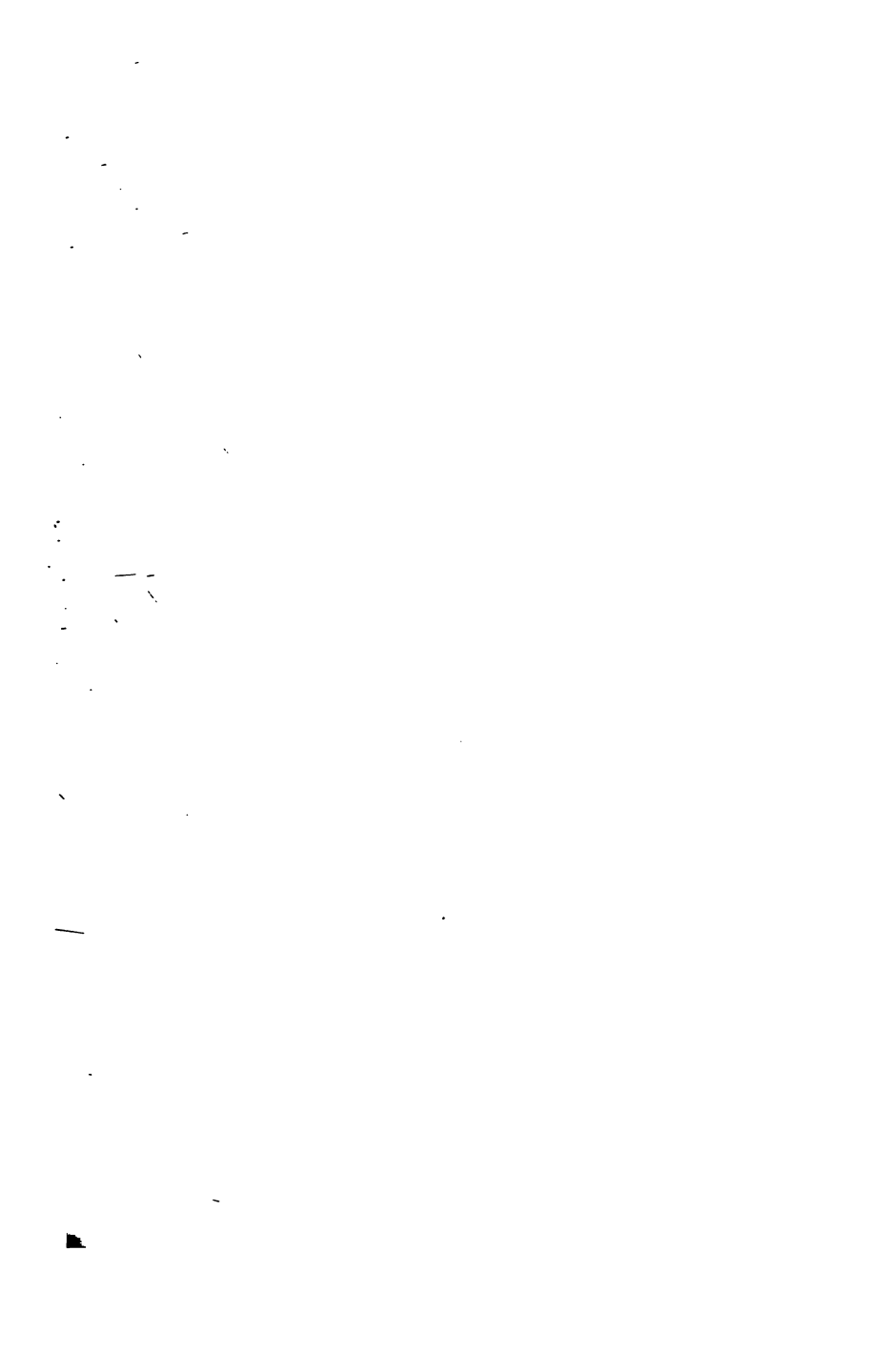
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Preserve this sheet

To Elmer E. Adler

While I am here  
and possibly after—  
—Your friend

John A. Bluntack

May 12<sup>th</sup>  
1915

/





# The Greater Emancipation

*A Story-Study of Mind*

by

*John Alexander Bluntach*

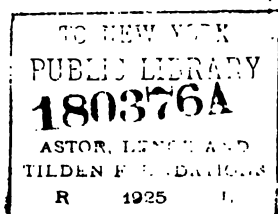
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## PREFACE

*Dear Reader:*

*I have read this book quite  
thoroughly and conclude that you  
will find some truth in it for the  
reason that I have,*

*The Writer.*



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# *The Greater Emancipation*

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## CHAPTER I.

**L**ITTLE Wooso lay asleep in the warm arms of a young morn in early June.

The rosy morning, fresh with night-dews still a-sparkle on grasses newly painted by recent rains, bespoke a June day at its best.

Against this richness of green the little white houses lifting up to the hills of Wooso, the simple stone church with its belfry in the middle of the roof and the gilded cross above the doorway, all cloaked and festooned with clinging ivy, made the vale of Wooso good to look upon.

Save for the low mooing of cattle borne at intervals from the distance, together with the pipey chattering of blue-jays in the round-topped maples and the steady but soothing drone of bees—seemingly in benediction to the sweet quiet and peace of morn—all was silent.

With the exception of one overalled and tousel-headed male person engaged, with broom and pail, in cleaning the veranda of Hopper's Tavern, the one inn at Wooso, not a soul was in sight.

Then, with the long drawn-out w-h-o-o and noisy rumble of the incoming express, little Wooso awoke.

For years and years the coming of the early morning train, whether on time or late, has been Wooso's signal

to get up—and so, mayhap, it will be with Wooso folk while the round world whirls—and Woosoites go to bed with the gathering of dusk.

It was 6:21 when the express stopped.

The one passenger to leave the train was Mr. Chester Waugh, a stockily made person, florid of face, with hair and eyes of reddish brown; nose and jowl in bulk, and bearing more the appearance of a traveling Englishman than of an American. Measured by phrenological standards Chester Waugh might have been pronounced a hundred-point man in all that makes for monetary success—the organ of executiveness large, craftiness and acquisitiveness still more in evidence; and then how much or how little might be said on the score of Chester Waugh's finer attributes would depend entirely upon how much of a gentleman the phrenologist might be.

The business of Mr. Waugh was that of both manufacturer and merchant, with headquarters in New York City.

Now, had the fates decently collaborated with the scheduled order of things on the P. & W. R. R., this little story should have had its beginning at Torrville at 9:30 o'clock, eastern time, instead of at Wooso, and for reasons as follows:

Things will happen; of course, but why it may be asked and reasonably, why happen with such frequency and why on the same day that Chester Waugh got off

the express at Wooso junction to take the train leaving for Torrville at 7:05 a. m.

And yet, let it not be inferred that this is a tale of thrills—that within this little thicket of leaves shall cavort conscienceless persons to pester Chester Waugh. Nothing of the sort. What happened to Mr. Waugh would have been taken by the average man as mere matters-of-course, to pass lightly by or enjoy. But then the average man's pulse beats at a little above seventy; Chester Waugh's pulse was geared to go beyond eighty.

Tired and ill-tempered after a sleepless night, Mr. Waugh, after alighting, gave little heed to the surroundings. As soon as he had gotten possession of his baggage he made straight for the train for Torrville, which stood on the side-track crossing the main line, and close at hand.

Then the stillness of things struck the New Yorker like a sudden and loud clamor. He had too long been keyed to city clatter and bustle not to be affected by the abrupt change. As if to escape the depressing quiet he increased his pace as he drew nearer the train.

Within the coach he stood dumbfounded. Despite the fact that three of the dozen occupants were women, the car reeked with the smoke of tobacco of a nature fit only for a *Mafia*. The interior was of a design as old as old Joe Cannon. At about the middle of the coach, through the tobacco fog, Waugh descried the



outlines of two old fellows lolling luxuriously in the same seat, both pulling vigorously at short black pipes, both picturesquely rural in feature and dress and both wholly unconscious of any breach of etiquette.

Waugh turned and jerked back with a bang the door he had just closed, letting in fresh air.

Seating himself, the merchant scowled at the country men till he realized that his facial criticism was without effect, whereupon he lapsed into musing over the deprivations and humiliations incident to dwelling among an ignorant yeomanry.

And while he mused, elfin witches in the unseen stirred cauldrons and brewed for him further besetments.

Life was beginning to stir at Wooso.

Stretched on the rough, beslivered platform of the station freight-shed a long-eared young hound—save for an occasional lunge at an all-too-friendly fly—basked serenely in the morning sunshine. Annexed to the young hound through the agency of an unduly thick rope, his owner, a small mild-faced colored boy, bare from the knees down and tattered, leaned lazily against the tin-covered freight shed, waiting, outwardly calm but inwardly eager—to see the wheels whirl.

Between the tracks nearest the platform, a group of plum-colored doves picked busily at a scattering of wheat kernels, the while a lone brown hen agitatedly mounted the platform via the three wooden steps, stepped with slow and cautious tread past the recum-

bent hound and master, her head moving from side to side, her vacant, witless eyes staring apparently at everything and nothing. At the edge of the platform she halted and gazed enviously at the gluttonizing doves, too timid to contend for a share.

It is now past the scheduled time for departure. The train, making one trip daily through an outlying, and sparsely settled district, is apparently ready to start and under skies wholly propitious. Previously all working parts of the venerable locomotive had been oiled and greased, car wheels sounded, and with engineer and fireman competent and unliquored, all was ready, right and fit.

Chester Waugh, seated in the third seat from the rear in the only passenger coach on the train, reached for his watch and read aloud "twenty-one minutes after seven!" Scowling he got up from the seat, strode to the platform where he could observe the conductor and engineer, one engaged in narration evidently of a humorous nature—the engineer slapping the conductor on the back hilariously, the conductor retaliating in kind—both totally unconcerned as to the train or its starting time.

"Hello!" called Waugh, "Why don't we start? What's the wait for?"

"We're waiting for Hoadley!" answered the conductor, turning his attention immediately to the engineer, after making the reply.

Mr. Waugh returned to his seat somewhat pacified. "Hoadley, very likely is an official of the company" he concluded.

Looking out through an open window he discerned at some distance a slow-moving wagon loaded with big, heavy milk cans, which sight his eyes followed until the wagon drew up close to the freight platform.

The hound resenting the intrusion, set up a melancholy protest that startled the lone hen and doves in flutterous flight.

Again Mr. Waugh left his seat, this time determined to know what was what. Stepping off the car he heard the conductor say, in easy unconcern, "Little late this morning, Thad! I'd about made up my mind you was dead!"

"Had a whiffletree bust on me three mile back," said Thad Hoadley, the driver, with equal indifference.

"Well, let's get the cans on and get a-going!" said the conductor, enlisting the engineer and fireman to assist in the task, while he projected a pebble at the still dissenting hound.

Chester Waugh returned to the coach, twice as wise and twenty times more indignant than when he left. Here he fretted and fumed till the sensation of movement distracted him for the time being.

With increasing momentum the driving wheels whirled to the limit of safety—twenty-one miles per

hour. Four or five miles were traversed, the train still on the track and all apparently well; when suddenly a succession of piercing shrieks escaped from the throat of the train whistle—the signal for down brakes.

The brakeman, startled out of all poise, rushed excitedly through the coach to the brakewheel at the rear.

Now thoroughly alarmed the passengers rose from their seats in wild-eyed inquiry.

Strenuously the brakeman applied himself to the rusty wheel till the thing t-i-g-h-t-e-n-e-d, whereupon the suddenly seized wheels of pig-iron gave vent to indignant grunts and squeals of protest. With the stopping of the wheels a sudden and disturbing crash was occasioned.

Flung from their feet to the floor, or hurled violently back into seats, in a pandemonium of terror, several of the recumbent ones hurriedly felt of body and limbs to ascertain whether they were wholly dead or just bravely dying.

After a short absence—interminable to the anxious passengers—the brakeman returned.

"What's happened—a collision?" chorused the down-fallen.

"Oh, nothin' much—something's wrong ahead, that's all," answered the brakeman, matter-of-factly and passed on.

Later it was learned that a hay-load at the crossing beyond was dumped across the track, accident due to broken wheel caught on rail.

Nearing the town of Titcomb, the first stop, it happened that, through a faulty coupling-pin, the locomotive and seven freight cars preceding had divorced themselves from the coach, leaving it a full mile back before the separation was discovered.

Again upon leaving Ippawam, with a wild swaying of trees growing at each side of the single track, and an accent of rain in the speech of the winds, darkness fell and with it a storm broke, carrying a pelting and slanting rain into the coach wherein sat Chester Waugh. Instantly he rose to pull down the window. But the window obeyed him not. Vainly the drenched merchant tugged and strove with it until utterly exasperated, he dropped back into the wet seat with a storm of unprintable utterances. And still greater than the discomfort of saturation was his chagrin when the trainman, with an insinuating glare, reached across the legs of Waugh and pulled a small brass object, whereupon the berated window came down without further resistance.

"I pulled that brass thing!" exclaimed Waugh, savagely.

"No, you didn't!—you *pushed* it!—I saw you!" answered the trainman, and with the parting shot, "Use your head once in a while!" moved away.

Chester Waugh writhed under this last stab at his outraged feelings till the loud voice of the conductor bestirred him.

"Torrville! Torrville! Next station is Ambrose!" called the conductor, without a trace of apology, and this announcement, which should have meant relief to the over-tried spirit of the merchant, seemed only to add to his irritation.

At precisely 11:33 the morning train of the Pembroke and Wooso Railroad creaked, clattered, groaned and staggered into Torrville.

The storm had passed. Outside all was again serene.

From his seat of faded olive plush, with iron arm rests painted a flaring ochre, Chester Waugh got up, steadied himself and proceeded to assemble his scattered possessions. Soon after—preceded by an over-worked, sad-eyed little woman with that indoor pallor peculiar to country women, and a girl-child of twelve years, whose soiled white stockings had wandered from thin legs down to her shoes, with mouth agape and eyes glued fearfully upon Chester Waugh's bag of golf sticks—he took the perilous thirty-inch gap between the car step and terra firma.

Chester Waugh was a much provoked man.

To be compelled to remain in a musty, malodorous car, subjected to severe shocks incident to numerous stops and fortuities, for two hours beyond the scheduled

promise was, he declared, "An outrage that no business man could tolerate! Nothing short of gross mismanagement! I shall see the officials of the company and demand satisfaction!"

So obsessed was he with wrath and grievance that he did not know that he had gotten off the side of the car leading *from* instead of *to* the little red painted depot, now hidden from view by the train on which he had arrived. Straight ahead he moved until the weight of a well-filled walrus bag moved him to pause.

A quick survey revealed the only structure in sight—a clean, white painted frame building with front veranda and sloping awning of wood, typical of country general stores.

From the doorway of the store a lanky lad of fifteen, with all the awkward shyness possible to a country-bred boy, dully contemplated the sandy, florid face, gold-rimmed glasses and duster-clad frame of the advancing merchant.

As he drew nearer, the huge unamiability on the face of the merchant roused the boy to note the similarity of expression in the severe, set features of T. Roosevelt, limned on a campaign lithograph in the store window.

"I am looking for a gentleman—a Mr. Conroy. Can you direct me to him?" asked Waugh, laying down his baggage as he spoke.

"Mr. Spicer ain't to home!" offered the boy.

"Who in——Who's Spicer?" queried Mr. Waugh, rather gruffly.

Startled by the city man's rudeness the boy pulled his hands out of pockets in patched overalls, gave his leather suspenders several nervous twitches, fumbled off his head a faded hat of nameless color, and drawled: "He's the one that owns this store. I'm jist tendin' it fir him. He's gone to take a heifer up to Busby's."

"Well, granting this, can't you tell me where I can find the gentleman?" demanded Waugh.

"Don't know sich a one!" declared the lad.

With one brief, cynical look about him the New Yorker turned and left the boy standing where he had found him. Moving aimlessly along the dusty roadway fronting the store he soon came to where the road seemed to break off, which apparent terminus he later discovered, was the top of an abrupt hill. Looking down the incline Waugh discerned a small, new unpainted building of pine, in front of which stood a plow and farmer's wagon. Scattered along the opposite side of the road were several aged and tottering wooden dwellings, evidently the residential section of Torrville. After some hesitation, Waugh started and made the descent. At the entrance of the little building—a blacksmith's shop—he stopped and looked within.

To the right of the doorway, on a wooden bench, sat two men close together, garbed alike and unmis-



takably farm hands. Both were young and apparently the same age.

For a moment Chester Waugh thought he was seeing double. The resemblance was so close that the two seemed to be one and again one seemed to be two. Both were under colossal hats of straw, with legs crossed over knees, in an attitude of silent waiting.

Save for the sound of breathing from the blacksmith, bent to the task of scraping the hoof of a horse held between his mighty limbs, all was still as midnight in Torrville.

The twins returned the gaze of Chester Waugh, unmoved.

"Can either of you tell me where I may locate a gentleman named Conroy?" Waugh inquired expectantly.

For some moments the eyes of the twins were glued to the floor, then slowly and deliberately, heads were raised, and the ponderous hats swayed in unison a mild, unspoken but positive No!

Chester Waugh strove to contain himself, but as usual failed.

"Did I understand you to say that you do not know the man?" he asked, while disappointment and disgust sat thick upon him.

Again the ponderous hats swayed in exact degree and emphasis, this time taking a downward course.

"Well," said Waugh, now thoroughly heated, "this is a fine state of affairs! Let me ask you," he spluttered, "does anyone in this God-forsaken burg know anything?"

The serene and silent imperturbability of the twins remained unchanged, while the blacksmith stuck to his task, a wholly uninterested member.

"A fine state of affairs!" Waugh repeated. "Consider, I've come four hundred miles!" Here the irate merchant thrust his hand into an inner pocket drawing forth a letter postmarked Torrville station. Glancing at the bottom of the letter he continued: "I thought possibly I might have got the name wrong, but no, here it is: C-O-N-R-O-Y." In spelling it Waugh fused with triumph an additional burst of temper.

"This man agreed by letter to meet me and drive me to Halcyon Harbor, and now, by gawd! not a soul!"—

At this juncture the blacksmith let go the horse's limb with suddenness, and straightening himself, turned his shapely head and dark, deep set eyes first upon the twins and then upon the stranger.

Caught by the striking face and figure of the man, Waugh stared at him fixedly, for the time-being lost to his own perplexities.

"Heavens!"—he spoke inwardly—"what a man! What eyes and what a face! A horseshoer!—Bah! Ceasar playing the clodhopper! An oak planted in a bucket! Torrville?—tush!"

At this point, and in a voice as big as himself, the blacksmith interrupted the Gothamite's summary.

"Maybe he means Dollar Bill Conroy? Why, of course! Bill was in here on his way to get someone coming on the 9:30 this morning! Stranger," continued the blacksmith, "I guess the joke's on you. More than likely you'll find Conroy waiting for you down at the station and probably cussing harder than you've been."

The broad, smiling geniality of the young smithy had the effect of somewhat humbling the merchant, but more than this, in its effect upon Waugh, was the masterful appearance, ease of speech, absence of country dialect and phraseology and the evident intelligence of the man. The great mystery was how any such man could stay in a neck-of-the-woods like Torrville. Waugh was on the point of leaving without further comment when he was impelled to ask:

"Have you always lived here?"

"Yes and no! As far back as I can remember, yes; beyond that, no. I was adopted twenty four years ago by a family named Odin. They named me Napoleon Odin. Nap, most people call me."

"You talk pretty well for one brought up in a wilderness. Where, may I ask, did you get your education?" queried Waugh.

The smithy's smile quickly changed to an expression of doubt.

"What little I know I got out of books and through the city people who stop here waiting for the afternoon stage to Halcyon Harbor," he said, humbly.

"The city offers big opportunities to young men with the right stuff in them," said Waugh, suggestively. To the average New Yorker there is only one city—when it isn't New York it's a town.

"I've thought it over. The people around here are plain folk; kind, simple at heart and honest. They haven't much to say but what they say they mean. I believe in them and they believe in me. Sometimes I get a little restless and haunted like when the big towns beckon, and then I get a book and take to the woods. A man's home should be where his heart is. I've grown up with Torrville folk and the pines—most of them were saplings twenty years ago. Rough and shaggy like we've grown up together, and here I expect to stay." Odin spoke this with a slight wavering of speech akin to sadness, and then brightened.

"There are compensations in all conditions—you see I've read my Emerson, some," he said brightly. "You people of the cities give much to gay life, theatres and proud-showing; feasting on rich foods at all hours, midnight and after, and at the cost of over-worked hearts and nerves. Yes, I've talked to them. They come here for the pure air and pine smell, mostly after it's too late. Out here our pulses beat in time with nature; we sleep well and eat plain food—the simple

way is nature's way. Yes, stranger, I'm of a mind that we're as happy as it is safe to be."

Here the blacksmith abruptly turned from his subject with the query:

"Might I ask your name? These are the Holden boys—Ed and Charley—twin brothers as you see."

"Waugh is my name," said the merchant with one bow intended to include the twins. "I suppose I owe you men an apology. My health has been none too good and that is why I happen to be here."

"No," remonstrated the big man, quietly—"if anybody's hurt it's you."

"Thank you," said Waugh, and then looking up at the great dark eyes of the blacksmith, remarked:

"Don't be surprised if you should hear from me one of these days. I shall be near here, I suspect, for some time and may drop in on you when the opportunity comes."

With this, Waugh took his departure, leaving with no expression from the sphinx-like twins other than a farewell dip of hats and a simultaneous crossing of left legs over the right.

"Good-bye and good health to you!" said the smithy, waving one great arm in adieu.

Chester Waugh moved away, wondering the while how he had come to make his last remarks to the smithy.

At the station Waugh had no difficulty in finding his man—an elongated, bony person seated at the edge of the station platform, intently and solemnly engaged in swinging a whip and hectoring the population of a tiny village of ants with the tip of the lash. He noted that the driver's face was so pock-marked that, under a heavy coat of tan, it strongly resembled a used sponge.

With the assurance that the long one was the man he was looking for, Waugh, disdaining any explanation of his tardy appearance, ordered the driver to go and bring his traveling bag and etceteras left at the general store, and to get ready to start at once.

This precipitated a small panic in the bosom of Conroy.

"It's most noontime! I ain't had no dinner! Fourteen mile—two hours stiddy goin' t' Halcyon—yeh know," said Conroy, in half-hearted protest—an attitude fatal to the successful issue of anything.

Thirty years of dealing with men of Conroy's mental and educational outfit made the present obstacle one easily overcome by the merchant.

"We go now or someone else takes me! One hour more in the infernal quiet of this place and I'm done for!" fumed Waugh.

"They ain't no other—no one's got a rig 'round here—'less you go two mile back o' th' hills," ventured Conroy stubbornly.

Waugh paused, but not in the least in doubt as to the next move.

"All right," he said in a subdued tone, "if you will not take me, I shall attempt to walk it alone." Then in an air of sadness he said, falteringly, "I'm far from being a well man."

After a short period of indecision on the part of Conroy, he scuffled off to do the other man's bidding.

Chester Waugh had seized upon a fact, often taken advantage of by cunning men, that an appeal to sympathy will get results where a command will fail.

## CHAPTER II.

**S**IR William Conroy's ancient and loose-jointed chariot with contents reached the ivy-grown, arched stone entrance to Halcyon Harbor in mid-afternoon.

"This is it! One more long down hill and a short up and we're there," said Conroy, spiritedly, hoping to placate the city man whose frequent and testy out-breaks of impatience "come near givin' me the nervous prostration! If I hadn't a-been so whoppin' hungry I'd a dumped the darned fool long 'fore we got t' Halcyon!" declared Dollar William to a Harbor porter later.

Inside the gates, to the right of the hill-road, a gentle rise, dense in tropical-like foliage, lifted to a line of thickly topped catalpa trees stretching as far as the eye could see and forming a boundary between the Harbor grounds and the neighboring estate. At the left of the road a hedge of low-cut junipers fringed the edge, following the roadway in its straightness and curves to the foot of the hill. Just off the juniper hedge the road sloped into a long, broad valley, across which rose the greenest and most beautifully undulating hills that Chester Waugh had ever seen.



Along the side-hills, thickly and picturesquely crowned with judas and cedar trees, two goodly flocks of sheep with a scattering of spring lambs attended by two shepherd boys, each bearing a long shepherd crook, browsed contentedly. Over all this scene of verdant richness, trim and well kept, hovered a haze of faint blue, lending an enchantment that quite absorbed the city man.

"Hold up!" he called, over-loudly.

Chester Waugh's eyes roved from the hills and flocks to the valley below. Between two half-moon caves, dug out of a hill centering the valley, from an opening gushed a white pour of water, tumbling and rising on its way like a romping boy at play, and disappearing abruptly under an oddly formed rustic bridge, the rushing water re-appearing in a rounded glistening shower at an enclosed pool in the middle of the valley. Impenetrable little forests of tall and low-growing shubbery, separated at effective distances and placed with rare artistry, served to round the delighting scene and to conceal all but the roofs of cabin summer houses of yellow birch within the leafy enclosures.

"Some place!" remarked Conroy. "But wait till yeh see the rest of it—most a mile long! Ain't you a little hungry?" he ended, point blank.

"Go ahead!" was the laconic reply.

At the Harbor Home, after dismissing Conroy with a liberal fee and tip, and then presenting himself for

registry, Waugh asked the young woman at the desk when he might see Dr. Wing.

"Dr. Wing will be at liberty in an hour," was the answer.

After being shown to a room, where he was served with a light lunch, Waugh soon after took to the open to get better acquainted with his surroundings.

The spirit of structure at Halcyon Harbor was solidity and simple adornment. The same heavy white stone forming the main building, with its broad verandas supported by massive pillars, the palatial stables and towering look-out house, was also manifest in the Retreat, a hall for study and lecture, the India temple and chime tower on the side hills, down to the mooring places along the lagoon and bridges spanning it, sunken gardens and peacock house—all the work of a mind that realizes its ideals in strengthful simplicity rather than in filigree.

In contrast with the white, sturdy architecture, were the great front grounds with its varied and luxuriant gardens and rolling velvety stretches of lawn, white roadways and winding paths, all lending beauty and rest to the tired spirit and body of the city man.

Mr. Waugh had seated himself in full view of the lagoon, watching a canoe race between three bare-armed and bare-legged young fellows, when he observed the close approach of two ladies headed for and looking directly at him, one a little past middle life, the other

with perhaps an inch of forehead showing above the surface.

"It's Bob! Don't cry out! Mother may hear," she enjoined quietly.

Miss Hastings, too frightened to speak, stood benumbed and trembling.

In action quick as thought Alicia leaped and seized a tall, young sapling two-thirds up, swung her supple limbs around its middle and by dint of her own weight was borne to within three feet of the water's surface. Clinging with one hand to the tree, she reached out till the cane circled the young man's neck and then pulled for dear life.

"Get hold of an arm as soon as I haul him in!" she called to Miss Hastings.

Between them they landed the youth high and wet on the bank, whereupon Alicia promptly followed from memory the instructions laid down in the first-aid code for the drowned.

Young Bob Wyman, after ejecting a quantity of water from mouth and nose, sat bolt upright, wound his hands over his bare knees, and turning his wondering blue eyes full upon Alicia, said doggedly:

"Well, now what have you got to say?"

Alicia returned his gaze with much the expression a mother might display who had caught her six year old boy throwing stones at the door of a preacher.

"Miss Hastings," she said turning to her companion, with a half amused, half ironical air, "allow me to introduce to you my near-angel brother Robert. You may have thought that you knew him, but truly you do not. Bob is nineteen, has never learned to swim, nor to play any one of the games scientifically, and yet he poses as a sport. He is the cellar champion of all leagues, and still has the audacity to contest with experts in any of them. Times without number he has disgraced us! I expect the next thing will be that he has taken to aeroplaning and, of course, that will mean Mars for Bob, or at least a handful of stars. Bravado is all very well but common sense is a whole lot better. Being a sport doesn't necessarily imply one's sitting on a railroad track!"

"Look here, sis, that's enough of that hook-stuff. I saw that those fellows were putting it over me and, of course, I had to get excited. Then, the first thing I knew I was in the drink. Say, who got to me?" he broke off sharply.

"If it were not for Miss Hastings—"

"O-h, Alicia!" protested Miss Hastings.

"I was going to say that had it not been for Miss Hastings," persisted Alicia, pointing her hand, revolver-like, at the wet culprit, "you, young man, would now be feeding the gold-fish. There, I will leave it to be settled between you," said Alicia, rising and leaving abruptly.

Twenty minutes had elapsed between Alicia's sudden departure and her return. So absorbed was Mrs. Wyman in a rapid fire of speech in behalf of Mr. Waugh's entertainment, that she had quite forgotten her daughter's absence. She ceased abruptly upon the appearance of Alicia, who stood meditatively facing her mother.

"There, Mother, dear, on the high gear again. Sometimes I think that you put your conversation in high speed for fear your motor may stall," she said, in tones if not terms of utmost affection.

"Why, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Wyman, "Where have you been? Fine manners, leaving us without a word," she pursued, rising and enfolding Miss Alicia in embrace and with an ardor usual only where the separation has been one of years.

Alicia returned the embrace with added spirit.

"Behold Lurline the water queen! Observe in me the original and only life-saving crew of Halcyon Harbor! With the aid of my trusty cane, I prevent kind mothers from becoming sonless!" she replied, swaying and tugging at her hips as a sailor hitches his trousers.

Mrs. Wyman was too much occupied with carrying out the proprieties to gather any meaning from Alicia's talk and antics.

"You must meet Mr. Waugh. Just think, Mr. Waugh knew your poor, dear father very well—that

is by reputation. My daughter Alicia, Mr. Waugh," babbled the mother.

"I hope I shall like you," acknowledged Alicia, smiling graciously, reading in the florid countenance, three distinct emotions.

The alternating currents of banter and openly displayed affection was a combination with which Mr. Waugh was not familiar. If she were his daughter he would adopt prompt measures for re-adjustment. Just what course he would pursue to re-model the vivacious Alicia was under debate, when a boy dressed in the Harbor uniform of white flannel with gray epaulets, droned his name, at some little distance from the trio:

"Mister Waugh! M-i-s-t-e-r Waugh! Message for Mister W-A-U-G-H!"

Signalling the boy, Waugh was shortly handed a note, containing a brief statement that Dr. Wing would see him in his private office. With due explanation, plus unnecessary apology and hurry, Waugh excused himself and departed.

"Remember your promise—tomorrow, you know!" called Mrs. Wyman, with a vivid smirk.

The retreating figure turned partly about and nodded assent.

"He is so agreeable when you come to know him," murmured Mrs. Wyman.

"Yes, mother mine—you see only the good in everybody, and there is good in everybody; while I am ever confronted with their faults. Your seeing only the good in others is what makes me love you and helps me to see only the good in you," said Alicia softly.

### CHAPTER III.

**D**R. Franklin Wing got up from the seat at his desk and advanced to meet Mr. Waugh, extending both hands to the merchant.

Waugh had pictured him as a small, whiskerful person, with pale, watery eyes and a far-away air of abstraction.

The man whose hands he held was tall, straight, fair and with far more the appearance of an army officer than a professional man. Every feature of the doctor's strong face indicated what Waugh felt with the first contact, vitality. His was the touch of one crowded to the doors with life, thronged with a dynamic quality that seemed to surge and tingle through the fingers of the merchant. Every inch of the man expressed quiet forcefulness; so straight of body and limb, strong and clean-cut, that anyone might have taken him for an athlete. His hair, thick and plainly brushed, was the hue of putty; his eyes were blue—just plain blue—with a light in them that seemed to be all his own. As to the doctor's age, thirty-six was the limit of the guesser; forty-four the fact.



Add some of the sunlight of Franklin Wing's eyes to those of Champ Clark, when Champ was thirty-five, and a fair portrait of the doctor may be had.

Chester Waugh was drawn to the man.

"You have a very fine place here. In fact I might say a beautiful place," quoth Mr. Waugh, flatteringly, after taking the proffered chair.

"It does very well," responded the doctor abstractedly. His eyes, with a little of the sun in them gone down, were so intently fixed upon the merchant that he figited noticeably.

Recovering himself, Waugh began a rather long and untimely speech in which he ridiculed the accommodations leading to the Harbor, practically recounting his entire experience on the P. & W. R.R., and concluding with a denunciation of its officials, highly seasoned with threat; after which, Dr. Wing said gently:

"In an outer country so far from the cities as we are, travel is so slight that service such as you are used to cannot be afforded. There are so many sweets in this free, flower-breathed country that we take the bitter trifles philosophically.

"Let me see—you came here for treatment, I suppose," said the doctor, purposely side tracking the merchant from his railroad grievance.

"Yes; that is I may. I have a friend who advised me to come here. You may remember George Seaton,

one of your patients here last April. Seaton told me that you made a new man of him," said Waugh.

"I remember Mr. Seaton, a fine fellow." With this said, Dr. Wing leaned back in his chair, holding himself to reflection for a time and then said slowly:

"I shall probably make some statements not to your liking, but whatever is said should in no wise be taken offensively. My words are not intended to either please or plague but to convey the truth as it seems to me. You perhaps understand, Mr. Waugh, that our methods are not at all in accord with those of the regularly accepted physician. Men of medicine deal with effects; we deal wholly with cause—with the reasons for things.

"Your difficulty is of a nervous character. Your digestive organs are fickle; one day of serenity is sure to be followed by a rebellion within, the next day; sleep is similiarly uncertain. You are easily disturbed; nearly always under strain and therefore irritable. Ordinarily, irritability is regarded as an effect; we see it in the light of *cause*. You are nervous because of irritability and irritable because of an enlarged ego. You have been too long too self-satisfied to be led naturally to self-knowledge.

"New and larger thoughts and ideals, self-command, and an awakening into a consciousness of your own spiritual force and how to direct it are necessary if health and renewed powers are expected."

The naturally pink countenance of Chester Waugh was now a pronounced cerise.

"How does it come that you know so much about me—I haven't said so!" exclaimed Waugh, with a touch of bluster.

"The important thing just now is not so much *how* I came to know as that I am stating the facts," answered the doctor mildly. Continuing, he said:

"We make no promise other than this: Accept our premises, abide in them and we restore or rather you and we restore. '*Thy* faith has made thee whole,' said the master healer. And faith—what is faith but active desire quickened into expectancy? Full faith or confidence realizes all; partial trust receives its equivalent, no more, no less. We get as we give, reap as we sow.

"We maintain that for its weal or woe the body is wholly at the mercy of the mind and that disease is impossible either to mind or body where the soul is purged of fear, hate, deceit and kindred propensities. Ours are mere theories and unbelievable up to the point of test. Faith is required only as a prelude to proof. Mere belief ceases in degree as we *know*.

"If what I have said seems to present possibilities for your betterment, all very well; if not, all very well. We urge no one. I have an appointment at 4:30—it is now twenty minutes after," said the doctor,

rising from his seat and glancing at the clock over his desk.

Mr. Waugh got up on his feet, garnered his cap of a rather noisy pattern of cloth, first getting the rear end of it to the fore, and after correct adjustment, asked in a helpless way :

"What do I have to do?"

The light in the doctor's eyes went to effulgence. Winding his arm below the merchant's shoulders, together they moved toward the door. The doctor, smiling broadly but kindly, replied:

"I shall not ask so very much of you. Just long for health and peace as you have for money and the way will be open to you. 'That which ye seek believing ye will receive that ye shall receive.'

"If you decide to test our work the first effort will be to induce you to lay down all ifs-and-ands and try to bring yourself to the point of expectation; or rather, my first work will be to relieve you of a condition of remorse from which you are now suffering, which is an exaggerated affair, I think."

Chester Waugh, staring up into the doctor's eyes, with shut lips and fading color, stood stock still; a tremor passing over him.

"There," said the doctor, soothingly, "I did not mean to hurt. In our work little progress is made until we arrive at cause. Few are inclined to unburden,

to tell it all, and so we have to feel our way as best we can. By the way, I speak at our lecture hall at 8:30 this evening. If you care to attend, you may, in common with others, ask any questions pertaining to the subject in hand. Till then and after, God bless you!" concluded the doctor, letting go the merchant's hand.

"If I am here tomorrow night I shall remain." With this affirmation Waugh stumbled out.

Deeply stirred by the Doctor's uncanny insight, Waugh, after finding his way to a seat on the broad veranda, sat heedless to all but his own stormy emotions and haunting memories. Why had he not resented this man's effrontery, he asked himself repeatedly.

"I was a fool! Even though he has some fortune-telling power or whatever it is—I was a fool! What right had he to use it on me?"

Then the feet of his mind hurried back over his foot-tracks through the past: "Jane—dead—these twenty years—the money—I needed it—the business would have gone to the dogs—the will—I, the cunning coward—I broke it—and Jane—poor Jane—in poverty—died in poverty—died as a beggar dies—God! why can't I forget. I would go to her on my hands and knees with her money and mine—if—if I could only give it back."

Slowly, and in the midst of his remorse and self-condemnation, the merchant sensed a presence near him. He turned in his seat to see and feel the vital presence of the doctor standing over him, and with his appearance a new sense of calm came to him.

"I have been thinking for you the thoughts that you should think for yourself.

"All of us are children, and prone to take the mistaken way. Whatever blunders we made, we did as well as we could. Remorse accomplishes nothing but wreckage of nerves and body. We atone for our sins only as we cease to sin.

"You are feeling better and will sleep tonight, I think," said the doctor kindly.

"Yes, but I did a thing that I ought to suffer for. My sister—I did not do right by her. She's dead now!" cried Waugh bitterly, at the same time startled at the fact that he had disclosed his secret.

"For how long and to what purpose do you propose to suffer?" asked the doctor.

"I can't get it off my mind," Waugh deplored.

"You can and will just as soon as new and worthy interests occupy your mind. Make amends by striving to do for others—help someone or several to help themselves. Help another and you have helped yourself. No life attached solely to self ever realizes real values. Your mental state will change in degree as

you wish it to change. Your thoughts are entirely at the dictation of your will." With this said, the doctor wished Waugh a good night, and slipped quietly away.

## CHAPTER IV.

**S**ADIE Curtin, leading lady waitress of the dining-room at the Harbor, with a final inspection of the immaculately clean table covers, carefully arranged table requisites, and finally a rather too-critical scrutiny of the six waitress maids, each stationed at her respective post, stepped ceremoniously to a row of buttons on the wall of the corridor. With a pressure here and there, she struck the first nine notes of "Home Again," with immediate response from the chime tower, on a rise just across the lagoon; the soft, sweet-toned chimes, electrically empowered, being audible from the remote recesses of the big grounds.

Sadie repeated the nine notes for a period of two minutes and was through.

This was the signal for each dining hour.

Only by infinite labor had Sadie mastered the solo, the nine notes comprising her musical repertoire.

Sadie it was who, on her arrival at the Harbor some weeks away, with an approving survey of the profuse beauty of the grounds, gasped and observed in a fervid Celtic gush, "Isn't human nachur l-o-v-e-l-y!"



The order of service at Harbor Home was in the old fashioned family style of several at a table, the fifty-odd guests seated in ovals of eight.

Sadie ushered the merchant to a seat next to Mrs. Wyman, the daughter and young Bob occupying seats directly opposite. Mrs. Wyman glowed upon Waugh and in approval of Sadie's assignment.

"Welcome to our city," said Alicia with a quick, shocked glance and recovery at the sight of Waugh's meager hirsute equipment.

"Mr. Carstairs I present you to Mr. Waugh; Mr. White, Mr. Waugh. Mr. Carstairs is widely known as a philanthropist and reformer; Mr. White, the playwright and author of 'A Bewitching Night.' Doubtless you are familiar with the names and work of both gentlemen," spoke Mrs. Wyman to Mr. Waugh, upon concluding the introduction.

"To be sure! To be sure!" said the merchant, in poor disguise of the facts.

"Mr. Waugh is identified with the larger side of commercial affairs in New York City," Mrs. Wyman assured the gentlemen.

Mr. Waugh, acknowledging the lady's statement, bowed condescendingly, a fact not lost on the beautiful Alicia.

"Mama dear," she said, "with your dainty fingers and patricianly exquisite hands, together with your very superior culture, will you please pass the chicken-gravy."

"Her ain't got no gravy, are her?" interjected young Bob, wailing it woefully at Alicia.

"Remember! young man," quoth Alicia, diverted at the same moment from the youth to the statuesque form of Olivia Reade, the actress, at that moment on the point of taking her accustomed seat at the table. Whereupon quick glances were exchanged, and then Alicia turned and again faced young Bob with a theatric air of warning:

"Have a care, sir! Have a care! Remember-r-r I could a tale unfold—"

Young Bob threw an arm over his face as a pugulist wards off a blow.

"All right—I accept the apology, sis. You're forgiven; only don't ever ask me to mop up a lagoon again."

"Oh, Olivia!" spoke Alicia, passing lightly from Bob to the newcomer, "give me the honor of introducing to you Mr. Waugh. Mr. Waugh is a large—what is it you sell, Mr. Waugh? I don't think you said," she observed.

"I am a manufacturer of culinary utensils," said Waugh impressively, rising to his feet. "I have factories in New York and stores pretty much all over the country. My business last year—"

"How nice of you," murmured Olivia.

Chester Waugh had wished to elaborate on the magnitude of his enterprise and would have so

discoursed but for Olivia's comment. It disconcerted him. He sat down abruptly, reddening to the ears.

The quick, chirpy voice of Mrs. Wyman, ever eager to pull into the leas when breakers showed, filled the momentary lull.

"Olivia, dear!" she exclaimed, "as you stood at your chair I was thinking what a perfect pity it was that you were not born a real queen instead of a player of queens: your royal air—so perfect; your regal grace of carriage; your—your—oh, dear what shall I say?—"

"Her Regal shoes—is that it, Mama dear?" gurgled Alicia.

"No! oh, dear no! I meant every word of it," expostulated Mrs. Wyman.

Here, Tulley White, the playmaker, arose from his seat, thrust a shapely white hand under his vest, shook his head till a thatch of dark hair fell over a full, white forehead, and said emotionally:

"On every occasion of crisis; in every momentous hour of a nation's need, somewhere from one of the four winds, like a rescuing ship to a foundering barque in the darkness, has arisen one of such soul-stature, as to make the problem a mere trifle. Hence, be it observed that I have risen and am in your midst." He paused as if to let the impressive fact sink in, and then, turning and bowing spaciouly to Mrs. Wyman, continued:

"Permit me, dear madam, to champion your beleagured cause. With one sweep of my singularly sweet young voice I brush aside all opposition of the enemy," he said, at the same time glaring balefully and squint-eyed at Alicia, "and let loose my oratorical dogs of war—" Here sounds of a puppy howling were instantly heard coming from under Bob's chair, which persisted until the speaker called to Sadie Curtin:

"Miss Curtin will you put the intelligent part of this audience in your debt by bringing that dachshund a bone?"

The posture of the speaker, while dramatic and apparently of extreme indignation, had no effect other than to cause the offender to emit a series of dog-like, threatening growls.

Miss Curtin merely gave her head a toss of disdain.

With a last withering glance at young Bob, the speaker again turned to Mrs. Wyman:

"—by uniting our forces—nay, dear madam, be not alarmed: this is not a proposal. I simply mean that by combining our forces, I shall speak the magic words to burst asunder the palace gates and lead our lady-fair into her queendom. The good mother of our enemy said—" He paused. "She said—"

"Don't tell him, Mother dear—not until we consult our lawyer," cried Alicia, warningly.

Without deigning a glance at the 'enemy' the speaker continued: "She said—what she said—Ah,

I have it: she said, 'her queenly grace, her royal air,' and to this I add, her unequaled power and nerve to rule and bring her male subjects in a frenzied rush of worship to her feet, only to be told that the balcony seats are three dollars a throw!"

Here the speaker paused and, gazing agitatedly over the heads of his auditors, cried:

"Where is she? Where is Olivia? Is Conan Doyle in the audience?" Then with an anxious, bewildered effort to discover the stately Miss Reade, the speaker cautiously lifted and peered under a teacup, searched hurriedly through his pockets and then fell into his chair baffled and helpless.

"Advertise in the lost column! No, don't! Here he is!" bawled young Bob, triumphantly, moving over to the actress and crowning her blonde head with a silver finger-bowl.

"Ladies and Footease!" proceeded Bob, "Miss Reade will now get even by tossing a few heart-throbs off her brilliant young tongue! Speak, little one, speak!"

Olivia Reade smote the table noisily with a boullion ladle and demanded:

"Order! Order! Canaille! Order, I say! Are you through or just beginning? If so, make it known by shutting up!"

"Second the motion!" called someone laughingly, from another table.

"Don't flatter yourself that you flatter me in the very littlest least. Can you think that I, Olivia Reade, could stoop to gracing a mere queendom!—I who have played Mary, Elizabeth—"

"Mary Elizabeth is a candy factory at Syracuse!" cut in young Bob torturingly.

"I who have acted Mary, Elizabeth and Cleopatra," continued Olivia, ignoring the interruption. "A queen! I a mere queen? Pouf! Perish the thought! What is she but what she has to be, while I am many queens, and yet retain the inalienable privilege of being myself. When Rome fell—" (violent lurching on the part of Miss Reade.)

"Don't Olivia—please don't! Even though a penny falling does make more noise than a dollar bill, please don't fall! We know that you have much to grieve over—think of the years it would take if you were to die by inches, but then, even the sea is blue at times because there is so much of it," consoled Alicia.

"Thanks for them kind words," responded Olivia tearfully, in perfect mimicry of Sadie Curtin's voice, after which she resumed:

"Repeating my last deathless words, I am many queens and of many nations; they, what are they but queens of a solitary empire? While I—" Here Olivia smote her ample bosom, wincing and coughing explosively with the assault. "I am queen of all nations!

To me all nations pay homage, and why?—why, you ask? And I comply. Consider, three of my grandmothers had double chins! Is it any wonder that I have led a double life?"

"Oh, Olivia," interrupted Alicia, "I've wanted so much to ask you: When you were on the continent last summer did you go hither and yon or were you obliged to go yon and hither? Answer me, please do."

The reply was instant: "Your geography, Miss Wyman, smacks of the rabble. Hither is a native of Scotland; Scotch hither, or heather, possibly it is called; while the fact is, I never met Yon until I got into Sweden.

"Gentlemen," resumed Olivia forlornly, "I would ask each of you to marry me were it not for the fact that I'm a little too good to be true! Let us commune with the viands," she concluded in a benedictory pose.

Amid noisy and exaggerated applause the actress seated herself majestically.

Chester Waugh, with the last words of the speaker, rose from his seat, excused himself awkwardly and hurried out through the corridor to the veranda, his preferred port in a storm.

Never in all his past-meridian life had he been quite so uncomfortable in an assembly of people, never so much at a loss to adapt himself to a situation. From

boyhood he had retained the influences of old-fashioned, old country parents, with whom the dining function was a solemn affair, levity at which was the next thing to sacrilege.

Somehow he felt that he was involved in the senseless speech-making, but just why was more than he could fathom.

Rocking himself in a big, cushioned bamboo chair, too vigorously for restfulness, Waugh oscillated jerkily till the sound of a voice arrested his attention.

"Fine evening, Mr. Waugh. May I draw up a chair beside you?"

Waugh recognized the features of Carstairs, the one person at the table who had taken no part in the silly performance.

"Yes, of course. Glad to have you," answered Waugh.

"Rather a noisy party," said Carstairs casually.

"Rather a noisy lot of infernal fools!" was the inclement answer.

Some moments passed ere Carstairs took up the thread.

"Much depends on the point of view," he said finally. "I used to dislike that sort of thing myself, but now I rather enjoy it. I once thought that, in a world with so much that is sad and heart-breaking, small talk and banter were out of place. I think we are all inclined to take the world and ourselves a little too



seriously. I have lived to see some good come out of smiles and laughter, however lightly provoked, but none out of blank seriousness. On the wall of my room is a card reading, 'Care runs for miles from the fellow who smiles.' I make it my business to read it every morning; it acts like a tonic for the rest of the day," declared the reformer.

"What do you think of 'em?" asked Waugh with a concoction of challenge and caution.

"An unusual people. Believe me, you've seen the worst side of them. I have been here ten days and have had time to study them. Most of my first impressions have dwindled, one after another. I've about concluded that they—and by they I refer to Miss Wyman, Miss Reade and the playmaker—on occasions purposely put their poorest berries at the top and for reasons best known to themselves. Everything they do seems to have a purpose back of it. Seemingly at a glance they get one's measure—how much one has seen, thought and lived. Express yourself on one subject and they seem to divine just what you will think on another, and why you think so. They have more subtle whyfors than any people I have ever met."

"Yes, but that big lady was positively vulgar. Some of her remarks were low—actually low. I shouldn't think that the doctor would tolerate such talk at the dining table," Waugh declared irritably.

"I think that Miss Reade's reputation would hardly bear out your conclusions. You may fairly judge her and Miss Wyman as unusual and perhaps peculiar, but farther than this no one could safely go," replied Carstairs.

And then in a manner that clearly showed that he considered the subject out of order, he shifted:

"My first experience differs somewhat from yours. Under my hat I harbor a bee or two of my own. The evening of my arrival, at dinner, they were discussing the rotten, Russian-like conditions of child labor in the south, when, in the midst of it all, I let loose one of my own bees, and take it from me, they drove the bee back in a panic, stinging me nearly to death with it. They, so to speak, doused me in a sea of logic new to me, poured a volley of questions with which I was not familiar, ripped my reasoning into a bunch of tatters and left me overwhelmed, at least for the time being; my appetite gone, my temper ruffled."

"Ought to mind their own business!" said Waugh, patronizingly.

Carstairs smiled and proceeded: "Were they in the least irritated? Hardly! This still, beautiful June night is not more calm than they were. I first thought that my subject would be new to them; not so. They knew it from A to izzard, in fact I doubt that there's a single philosophy dealing with the improvement of the race with which they are not closely acquainted.

"Does this talk bore you?" Carstairs suddenly diverged to say, offering a cigar to the merchant and lighting another for himself, upon Waugh's acceptance.

"Why no; that is if it suits you. Of course I'm here and the sooner I know the facts the better for me, eh?" said Waugh, turning a wavering affirmation into a question.

Carstairs shot a circle of smoke, like a tiny rubber tire, into the gathering dusk and proceeded in the manner of one who had gone too far to quit.

"These people see harm in what you and I consider nominal, and pass lightly over things in which we see danger and guard against. Seemingly they are devoid of fear and ill-will toward anyone or anything. Pride and conceit are one and the same thing with them. They are as simple at heart as little children. They applaud the saint no more than they condemn the sinner. Condemnation, they insist, has no remedial value, but, on the contrary, provokes and multiplies the evil it condemns. With them virtue is not simply its own reward; without virtue, they say, reward is impossible. They rail at neither the sinner nor his sins but rely on emphasizing the dread consequences of sin upon body and soul. Man, they argue is well or ill, strong or weak, good or bad, sane or sinful by reason of the thoughts he thinks." The speaker ceased.

"I wouldn't wonder if there was something in it," said Waugh meditatively. "Since I had a talk with

the doctor I've begun to realize that my nerves are always worse after I have been excited or mad at something. But I hardly think I can swallow the whole dose. Seems to be quite a smart chap, that doctor. He got me pretty near right, symptoms and all, without my saying a word. And I guess he's cute enough to see that I couldn't be pulled into it; they'll have to show me first. What do you think of him?" asked Waugh guardedly.

"Concerning Dr. Wing," answered Carstairs, in tones of no little warmth, "I've got past the opinion stage and can speak with certainty.

"I left Toledo, my home city, ten days ago, given up by doctors as a hopeless case; my trouble, heart-affection. Somehow Dr. Wing got my confidence at once. I believed in him more than in his philosophy. However, I followed instructions, read their books and tried to understand. When I came here, I was in almost constant pain, and was not able to walk any distance without exhaustion. The pain disappeared after three days. This morning I walked six miles without materially feeling it. I expect before long to leave here a well man.

"Sometimes I think that it just happened so—that nature stepped in at the psychological moment and did the work, and yet I have never before heard of nature doing a similar trick with a difficulty such as mine.

"No, I am willing to give credit to whom it is due. I put a price of worth on the doctor equal to the value of my life and that is some!" said Carstairs in conclusion.

All through the recital Chester Waugh had steadily eyed the speaker, on the alert to discover evidences, first of guile and later of delusion. Not finding anything of the first he settled back in his seat, self-satisfied that the latter was the fact.

At this moment groups of from two to six persons were going down the stone steps and moving in one direction, chatting and laughing the while.

"What's going on?" asked Waugh.

"I think that they are going over to the lecture hall. Dr. Wing gives a talk every Tuesday night. Better come along," said Carstairs rising as he spoke.

Waugh assented without comment.

"I meant to tell you," Carstairs said on the way over, "Miss Reade, Miss Wyman and Mr. White practically supply the funds for conducting this work. Their money with that of some few others, whom I do not know, also established the institution. The doctor is not a man of means. Peculiar thing, there is no fixed price other than for living accommodations. You pay for personal service and treatment accordingly as you value it."

"Silly creatures! Very unbusinesslike! What's to hinder me or anyone else from walking away without paying a cent?" said Waugh, sarcastically.

"Nothing—not a thing; but, if you received benefit, *could* you?"

"This feature of affairs did much to convince me that they were confident of their ability to help, otherwise

how would they dare take such chances. They refuse to accept something for nothing. No case is continued unless orders are complied with. As soon as the contrary is known their work ceases," said Carstairs with emphasis.

A short, sharp, nasal "I'm" from the merchant proved that he was still unconvinced.

They were now at the entrance of the hall, a one-story building, and like all the Harbor structures, massive and imposing, with here and there an artistic, dignifying touch. The audience, numbering more than fifty, filled the seats to about one-third the capacity of the hall. Carstairs and Waugh took seats at the rear, the rest of the audience being well up to the front.

The steady hum of chatter left no room for silence.

Inscribed in gilt letters on a mahogany board above the stage were these lines:—

YOU WILL COMMAND MUCH  
ONLY AS YOU DEMAND MUCH,  
NOT OF THE SONS OF MEN,  
NOT OF THEIR TOIL AND KEN,  
BUT OF YOURSELF.

Chester Waugh, reading the lines, his lips moving perceptibly, commented, "I guess that's about right. I never had a dollar that I didn't make myself!"

"I don't take the statement as referring particularly to dollars.

"Did you get all that you have accumulated solely through your own efforts?" asked Carstairs.

"Well, of course, I don't suppose any man ever got very rich off his own work. I employ over a thousand workmen at a profit. I'm not in business for my health any more than they are or you are, for that matter," answered Waugh tartly.

"I did not mean to make the subject a personal one, Mr. Waugh. However, I don't just see why the acquirement of health in business isn't quite as essential as accumulating dollars. Why not conduct our business affairs so as to acquire both.

"Because of worrying over business, I accumulated a state of nerves that led me to heart-weakness.

"For myself, I stand for the united ownership of all properties and tools; these people insist that the day is on the way when workingmen will reverse the present order by working *with* instead of *for* the man of business. They are individualists, and contend that the present system, with its iniquitous barriers removed, is right and equitable and that beyond equity we cannot go," said Carstairs calmly.

"What might the iniquitous barriers be?" asked Waugh skeptically.

Carstairs was on the point of replying when a sudden hush attracted his attention to the stage, upon which Dr. Wing had just appeared.

"Some other time," said Carstairs in a low tone.

## CHAPTER V.

**W**ITHOUT preliminaries the doctor went straight to his task.

"Men and Women," he began:

"Everything we do is a reach for happiness. We work because we find more happiness in work than we do in idling; we idle when we find more happiness in idleness than we do in working. We give because it would pain us to withhold; we withhold because it would pain us to give—whatever we do is done because we are happier for doing it.

"Because of man's aversion to suffering we know that his desire is ever for pleasurable emotions or happiness; and that, deep within him—however vague the realization—there is a consciousness that for his unhappiness, he alone is to blame.

"And if it be true that the inner voice is right—what then is the nature of his fault?

"Since the beginning of the world, he has followed the lure of the senses, to find, with the passing of years, only broken health and embitterment; the hunger of his heart unanswered; the thirst of his soul unquenched. And to this is added the grim truth that he has done no more for himself and



the world than to perpetuate his unhappy kind and plane.

"He sought happiness in indulgence; through the possession of things; through the power and pomp of position, and the adulation of the crowd, only to find emptiness.

"There is no peace!" his heart cries; and to that his soul assents.

*"He sought to find through the senses that which the senses cannot give.*

"Even in doing the mighty works: leveling mountains, building pathways of steel through jungle and desert; realizing his dreams in wonderful inventions—even in these he failed to still that indefinable yearning, that ceaseless inner cry of the heart.

"Still seeking, he went among the godly and knelt with them in their sanctuaries of stone, solemnity and stifling awe. Intently he hung upon the words of men who spoke in strangely unnatural tones: 'Fear God and keep his commandments; Be warned against the day of wrath'; and then faintly the words, 'God is Love.'

"His heart sank within him. He knew that his unrest would not end through the solace of the church. If he could only meet God face to face and talk things over with Him. Even for the sins that were as scarlet, Jesus had forgiveness; good men forgave: Why then the wrath of God?

"At times he seemed to see God in the glow-fly, the dawn and little children; as the voice of the thunder-crash and of the sparrow on the spire twittering in the storm, but this was indefinite and meant nothing to him. He turned from all thought of God to go back to a world in which he could, at times, find forgetfulness.

"We, as a class of seekers, deal not with atoms and molecules. We seek to know, not how man originated, but to know definitely what are his *needs*, that peace be realized and fuller power unfolded.

"In our searching, we have had to discredit doctrinal authority and flee the sabbatarian. We have had to read and interpret anew. And in thus seeking God we found we must first find—understand—*man*.

"Jesus said, 'I and the Father are one.' This the old schools misinterpreted, although he also said, 'The Father is greater than I.' Again when he declared, 'All that I do and greater works ye shall do,' the lips of doctrinal authority were closed and have so remained.

"We have taken the great Nazarene at his word, and while we have neither raised the dead nor walked the wave, we are healing the sick and heartbroken and know not yet what we shall do. We know that thought—the mightiest force in the universe—may be transmitted from one mind to another and that good thought overcomes evil and its consequences. We shall continue to heal the sick, and strive to impart to

man the knowledge of how to live so that he will be a power and law unto himself.

"We are living in the early morn of a new day—a day of awakening to our spiritual birthright, a day of new manhood and womanhood, new ideals, new aspirations, new and greater love, new and sweeter life; and with this awakening will come the realization that each and every being is involved in *vital individual responsibilities*.

"All through the years we have held accountable for our sufferings, sorrows and defeats either an imaginary God, devil or fate; while back of it all was the fact of *our own accountability*. In our breasts we fostered fear, hate, resentments, pride, jealousies, forebodings and lusts; all unconscious of the fact that by so doing we were slowly but surely poisoning soul and body into disease. We despised, hated and retaliated in revenge upon those who aroused our enmity, when every single provocation was a needed experience, and should have been seen as a consequence of our mistaken mental attitude. We shall be called upon to bear the evils and injustices of others only as long as we think it is right to hate evil and injustice.

"When we should have hailed trials and afflictions as blessings in disguise, we pouted at and bewailed them; thus snapping at the hands that would have fed us. Every infliction but emphasized the fact of an incomplete chemistry of soul—*Love was the need*.

"Into this life, none is born who has not his burden of weakness to bear; for the sins of the fathers still attend us. Character is an acquirement, not a birth-dower. If we would have the spirit of peace abide with us through our days, we must not only face the law of our being, but we must abide in the law. The law is Love.

"It is for us to be kind with unkindness, serene and patient with every mistaken way of our brother man; and it is for us to know that:

**"EVERY BEING IS EVER DOING AS WELL AS HE CAN—NOT AS WELL AS HE MAY WISH TO DO, BUT AS WELL AS HE CAN UNDER THE BURDEN OF INHERITED PERVERSE IMPULSES, SWAYING HIM AT THE TIME.**

"It is as brutally wrong to despise the soul-blind as it would be to hate and scorn the sightless.

"The trend of anyone's mind is a total of that which he inherits plus that to which he is educated. If the parental bounty is a meagre one and the education likewise, what is to be expected of him? If the pre-natal influences are good and the environment and education unwholesome, or vice-versa, there is most certain to be an internal warfare between right and wrong tendencies till one or the other rules.

"To every undeveloped soul, it is right to do that which his impulses lead him to do.

"Only by seeing his sufferings as the consequences of his mistaken acts, can he be certain of the mistake of obeying unguided impulses.

"Before the will can act for righteousness, there must be *desire* for righteousness. There is no will to do a thing, until there is a desire to do it.

"Most minds are as a house divided against itself. At one time, inherited or cultivated good dominates and guides; at another, evil impulse reigns and directs. Good can dominate only as evil is displaced with good.

"The process of purifying the mind has been likened to that of purifying unclean water in a glass, by letting pure water fall, drop by drop, into it until it overflows; the overflow carrying with it some of the unclean. Just so, every good thought entering the soul will displace the impure, until eventually the soul and its receptacle are whole and sweet. And this means a consecration to good, not for a God's sake, nor for a saviour's sake, but for our own sakes.

"Righteousness, observed solely in obedience to command, can bring nothing but bondage of soul or utter distrust of good; while righteousness observed for one's own sake, as the one way to fulfil the needs of the soul, can bring only peace, strength and happiness.

"No one has ever gotten values out of sin equal to its price.

"Recently, in one of the newspapers of my native city, was recorded a very unusual circumstance: A

young man of twenty-two went to the local police headquarters and begged to be taken in over night. His statement was that for two hours he had passed, repassed and hovered about a building in which were valuables of which he could easily have taken possession. For two hours he had fought the desire to steal, and then, becoming fearful of his power to overcome, begged to be put away from temptation. The household of his soul was divided against itself, with the burden of strength on the side of righteousness. What it cost the young man to make the fight only such as he can know. I have seen men stand in front of grogeries, sweating from every pore, and with finger-nails digging into the flesh of their hands, in an effort to fight off a maddening thirst for drink. By hypocrites and ultra respectables these men are reviled, scorned and hated.

"The notice was printed in an obscure corner of the paper, with fewer words to tell the facts than I have used, and yet, within this incident was a wealth of meaning, of sufficient weight and worth to make material for a thousand mighty sermons. The young man weakly fled from the struggle, and yet, he won gloriously. To the self-righteous he is the sort that is despised of men, still I am glad to honor him with the best of my being, my love. He had the courage to confess his weakness before the world and such courage is certain to eventually lead him out of darkness, self-conflict and bondage.

"Whatever the opponents of religion, old or new, have to say of the impracticability of Jesus' teachings, they must acknowledge one fact, that he saw the larger possibilities in mankind and therefore demanded more of his fellow beings than has ever another.

"'What is it,' he said, 'that ye love those who love you? I say unto you that ye shall love your enemies,' and herein lies the very pith and marrow of it all—the soul's great and indispensable need revealed—for by no other roadway will man ever find his way to peace.

"To hate a fellow-life for any sin, great or small, is to establish that evil more fixedly in his soul and to plant the same seed in one's own soul. To love one into love and new ways is to fulfil the law.

"Ten thousand years of further human development can add nothing to this—that the greatest privilege we may enjoy now and then will be to live in kindness. To love is to truly live.

"'I bring to you a new commandment that ye love one another.' 'I say unto you which hear, love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.'

"With the repeating of the following little verse, that will be all I have to say:

"Every good thought and deed once born  
Lives forever without deficit,  
While hate and guile, tho' they stay a  
long while,  
Are only here on a visit."

•

Dr. Wing seated himself in the chair by which he had been standing. Almost immediately a tall, slender, thin-lipped lady of aristocratic bearing arose, turned to the audience and said:

"How can any one love the despicable? And as for pride, I am proud of my good name, my family and connections and would not have it otherwise." She resumed her seat more aggrieved than aggressive.

Remaining in his chair the doctor answered:

"Mine is not a plea to love evil *but to cease to hate it*. To hate evil is to create evil. To my mind one of the greatest love thoughts ever expressed by man is this, '*To know all is to forgive all.*'"

"Not until inquiry is made into the *causes* of human sinning and deficiency can we know how to feel and act toward the sinner and the incompetent. But with sincere inquiry, be assured that the revelations will be such, that we, who have hated and condemned our brothermen, will bow our heads in uttermost shame, and try to so live that we may forgive ourselves.

"Righteousness, in the minds of the majority, has long been regarded as a sort of penalty or tax imposed by a whimsical God as a price payable for existence. Relegating God to a throne beyond the stars, billions of miles away, made it thus seem possible to escape his proximity and also evade the tax. So, it is small wonder that righteousness has gone limping through the ages.



"Right living means personal, every day reward or it means nothing.

"It is time to deny the knowing-power of the Nazarene when the spirit of his teachings is understood and tested, not before. And where among the millions of guessers and supposed followers is one who dare declare, 'I have lived and loved as he taught, and yet have failed to realize the fulness of life's blessings.'

"For, oh, so pitiable long, the scriptural word has been ranted terrorizingly by pulpiter and laity, while all the time the true message is, '*God is Love.*'

"True, theirs was an honest interpretation of God and righteousness, but, in granting this, it should be remembered that it has been said, and with more or less truth, that one can find in the Old Testament any kind of a God he may look for.

"Their choice lay between a God of wrath, a hell of bodily torment, the Mosiac law of an eye for an eye; and the Love-Law of the gentle Master and his Kingdom of Heaven within.

"They chose the former. And thus religion had for its basis the most insidious enemy of the human soul—fear.

"Man was besought to love God and to fear him at the same time—an impossibility. It was declared that only through fear could the ignorant masses be controlled. The deviltry of this was that the clergy wished to control and compel. How could they know that

the principle of love would fail since they had never tried it?

"With the awakening to the truth, that naught but love can fulfil the needs of the human soul, is born a new compassion, and with it an end to condemnation for all who grope in darkness and wrong-living. This sympathy I would name *Love*—Love that will some day bring into realization the Kingdom to come."

Dr. Wing paused to read from his notes and then proceeded:

"The lady, in common with many, considers pride an evidence of superiority. To be truly thankful for any and all good is well, but why confuse pride with thankfulness and why substitute a counterfeit when the real is at hand?

"Pride of position, of power, of talent or money tends to arouse contempt for those beneath us. Contempt is a form of hate as subtle and certain in its effects upon the body as arsenic. Contempt breeds hate in the one contemptuously considered and this hatred as seriously affects the hater as it does the one hated.

"Some years ago an American naval officer died. He had been willing to accept honors for an achievement which the majority said was not his. No indications of disease were in evidence and yet he died. Sometime before his passing he asserted that a cloud hung constantly over him. I dare to say that it was

the contempt of nearly a whole nation directed upon him that led to his death.

"With all of us it is either conquest of self or—consequence. Self-mastery never was an easy task; nothing worth while is easy. All progress is necessarily slow. We have to learn to be patient with ourselves as well as with others.

"Once this earth was believed to be flat and stationary, and there were many who feared to go afar lest they suddenly topple off its edge. I resort to this old and oft used illustration for the simple reason that I know of no other so apropos. At the time Galileo proclaimed the earth to be round, men, wise and otherwise, scoffed at and persecuted him and his followers. 'Absurd! Impossible!' men jeered. 'This earth a ball and in space? Silly nonsense! How could we remain on the outside of a whirling sphere? Preposterous! The man is crazed! Let us destroy him!'

"Years passed and there came a day when a thinking soul sat under a tree and reflected upon the simple fact of an apple falling, not upward but downward. This observation led to the dawn of the law of gravitation, and with the gradual awakening of the people to the meaning of the law, they ceased to think in the old way. Since then every part of the earth has been traversed by man with the skies ever smiling overhead.

"Just as it was difficult, aye impossible, for the many to even think of the earth as a revolving sphere, until

the law governing it was understood; so is it impossible to realize the healing power of spirit and its effects upon character till the law of mind is understood and abided by.

"Heart and soul hunger is universal. The fears, doubts, forebodings and materialism of the millions make spiritual truth and its rewards seem too good to be true. All the good that man has ever dreamed of and more is on the way. Whoever lives in the realized good of today is living both now and in the future," the Doctor concluded.

"May I ask wherein your thought differs from Christian Science?" This question was put in a mild feminine voice, emanating from a young woman seated alone at one side of the hall. She did not rise.

"Christian Science, in opening the psychic gates, created a following but not a practical philosophy. As a means of demonstrating the wonderful healing power of thought its value is inestimable. Christian Science maintains that there is no evil. There is no evil *where love is* but there cannot but be evil where love is not. In denying evil in themselves, the minds of its followers are dulled to their own infirmities. Denial of evil has no corrective power; evil thinking disappears only as the subconscious mind is filled with its opposite. Denying evil has the effect of impressing on the subconscious the very evil denied.

"In the opinion of many, the premise of Christian Science persists solely because its followers set them-

selves against any other explanation of the phenomenon of healing through spirit than that laid down in its tenets. Unreality is given precedence over very evident reality; while the realm of cause and effect is entirely disregarded. A knowledge of further differences will require a study of our books," affirmed the doctor.

"I have a friend—" said a young man, rising with the assertion.

At this moment Chester Waugh nudged his companion.

"I've got to get out of here," he said.

Carstairs, noting that the merchant was nervous, got up and followed him, both men tip-toeing quietly out into the open.

"I would like to believe as these people do in the idea that we are solely responsible for our ills and defeats as well as for our blessings, if for no other reason than that it removes all blame from the shoulders of others, the devil included. Imagine what it must mean to live every day alike, confident that nothing can come upon us except as we law-breakers invite it. I haven't got to it, however," said Carstairs, as if talking to himself.

Waugh made no reply. At the entrance of Harbor Home he remarked almost sneeringly:

"I suppose they're at it yet over there," pointing an insinuating finger at the lecture hall. Then with a hasty "Good-Night!" he disappeared.

## CHAPTER VI.

SOMETIME along in the night, after Chester Waugh fell asleep, he stood on a height above the shore of a leaden, motionless sea, looking afar into a solemn, somber sky wherein but one lone star shone white and dazzling. No light was there save that of the solitary orb of the night, he and the star seemingly the only occupants of a world otherwise deserted. The silence was awesome; raptly he gazed till the star seemed to leave its firmament and come nearer, nearer and nearer to him. Cowering, he shrank at its approach, the star receding as he withdrew.

The sullen darkness deepened. Back and still farther back, the star receded, seemingly into depths immeasurable and yet it shone with light undiminished. The immensity of the universe apalled the man and struck him with the force of a blow. He felt himself shriveling to the stature of a pygmy. Though he stood erect, his hands touched the wet grasses. He cried aloud:

"God! What am I? Am I so little? Why am I here? Is there peace nowhere?"

Suddenly, from out the darkness, a white, swan-like ship of the air came silently toward him and settled at

his feet. From the swan-ship, emerged a child, a little girl in gown of white, with hair of shimmering gold, that fell to her shoulders; her eyes, dark and radiantly beautiful, shone as even the lone star shone.

In a voice of ineffable sweetness, she said :

"Yes, there is peace for all, but peace comes to none. We have to go to peace—it must be sought. Come! We will go to yonder star and there you will leave yourself behind. It is the star of truth and only through truth will the soul find its awakening; through truth only, may peace be found. Ah, no, have no fear; I shall bring you back again, your body and spirit; only your selfish self will remain behind.

"It is all that chains you to the base and sordid; all that has ever made darkness and strife for you; all that has ever turned your beautiful earth into a realm of burden and sorrow for others. You will be glad—so very glad when you are freed of self. You are spirit and abide in spirit, but you have dwelt in the darkness of self. I would lead you to the greater emancipation. When you understand, you will be freed. Truth, only, can show the way. Come. None finds his higher self till the lesser is forsaken! Come."

The night air grew colder.

"Come," she besought softly, "come."

He turned to leave the child. His limbs became as ice and refused to obey his will. He tottered, fell to the damp earth and—awoke.

For a while he lay, dully pondering his dream, twisting and distorting it into devious meanings; finally dismissing the entire affair through the court of easiest resort: "I've eaten something."

Relieved, he again fell asleep, mumbling just before the conscious mind let go: "Cranks!—all of them—that little girl—where did she come from?—the lone star—how it followed me!—It's following me yet!" His eyes blinked. He drew the coverlet over his head to thwart the dazzle, mumbling again: "A dream—that's all—nothing but a dream—home—tomorrow!"





## CHAPTER VII.

THE afternoon stage from Torrville brought four arrivals to the Harbor: Mrs. Harrison Satterlee and son, a child of six, and Mrs. Adelbert Harte, Mrs. Satterlee's mother. The fourth newcomer was a pale, thin, ministerial-looking little man with a countenance sorely saddened by the sins of his fellows; who brought with him just one all-absorbing concern and that, an impaired alimentary apparatus.

Mrs. Harte, a willing listener, lavished upon him the salve of her sympathy to the effect of accentuating the little man's affliction. Sympathy has been known to make some ills epidemic.

To the several men loungers on the veranda, the appearance of Mrs. Satterlee was electrifying. When violet eyes, hair of chestnut brown, drenched with mists of gold, and features of surpassing appeal fail to move the Mister of the species, something's wrong with him.

Mrs. Harrison Satterlee swept dazzlingly past and ran the gauntlet of staring eyes as if it were a daily experience, which was the fact. Apparently she was totally oblivious to the sustained gaze of the veranda loungers, to which, being a very beautiful woman, she

of course, was not. A set expression of determination and defiance added to, rather than detracted from her beauty.

In Mrs. Satterlee's scented wake of Attar of Roses, the mother, with the child in tow, trailed cumbrously. In the countenance of Mrs. Harte was a palpable weight of trouble, quite in keeping with her extraordinary avoirdupois.

Half an hour later, mother and daughter were closeted in the study with Dr. Wing.

The Hartes and Satterlees were of Boston, in which city Dr. Wing had been a practising physician, and a favorite of the Harte family, socially and professionally.

"I need not explain; you know why I am here," said Mrs. Satterlee, pensively, turning at the same time with a sympathy-seeking gaze from the Doctor to her mother.

The unspoken request met with prompt and profuse weeping on the part of Mrs. Harte.

"Harry?" ventured the Doctor, with something of sadness in his voice.

"Yes,—and the same old story. I have borne the humiliations he has heaped upon me just as long as I can. I can bear with him no longer. I am done!" Mrs. Satterlee breathed relentlessly and tearfully.

"Just what do you intend to do?"

"Why to leave him, of course! To continue any longer in such a hopelessly wretched situation would

mean to our entire circle of acquaintances that I sanctioned his dissipations!"

"Then, why come to me?"

Mrs. Satterlee gazed uncomprehendingly into his eyes and said, "Do you mean that you will not advise me?"

"Advice—of what avail would be my advice as long as you have settled upon the course you propose?"

"Why have I come here? Please do not trifle with me, I have borne enough!"

"Is it my advice you are seeking, or do you wish me to sympathize and agree with you?" asked the doctor, in his usual calm and even tones.

"How can you speak so when you know that I respect your judgment!"

"Yes, you do, Josephine, insofar as my judgment agrees with yours. Nevertheless, had you been sure that your decision was the right one it is doubtful that you would have sought anyone's advice. Now, let us be perfectly candid and look this affair squarely in the face. You know that it is my way to say what I think, and this I shall do even though it be at the cost of your friendship. First of all I know that you love Harry Satterlee and that, aside from his one weakness for drink, no more loyal or generous soul ever lived. You are suffering now more from pride, more from what others may think and say than because of any thought of what further harm and degradation may

befall the man whom you vowed to stand by even unto death.

"I said that you loved Harry Satterlee, but love of yourself and fear of what Mrs. Tom and Mrs. Dick may say is greater. You are permitting the opinions of simpletons and your own selfish pride to stand in the way of actual love and help to a burdened man. Love—actual love—does not demand of others—it *exacts only of self*. And naught but love can illumine the way out of such darkness as you were drawn into."

"Doctor Wing! How can you! I am *so* disappointed! How can you speak so cruelly of my poor child. If you but knew all that she has endured!" intervened Mrs. Harte, grievously beset.

"If it is the wish of Mrs. Satterlee that I desist"—

"No." Between her sobs Mrs. Satterlee thus manifested her desire that the Doctor proceed.

"You will cease to condemn, for you will have come to know the wrong of condemnation—the utter falsity of it as a means to helpfulness and reformation. You will no longer see him as one who willfully causes you to suffer, but as one bowed by the weight of sinful centuries, against which burden he has more often struggled for your sake than his own. You will know that condemnation is as fruitless of good as have been the warnings of hell-fires and the beatings of little children in the name of righteousness. To resist evil is to pit one's judgment against that of the great

Wayshower. If your attitude is right, then the way of the Christ is mistaken. It is for you to determine whether he or you is the safer guide. None of us is so very good, none of us without our weaknesses.

"Let us, instead of judging, love one another into new strength and peace; let us still the storms in our own breasts ere we cry 'Peace' upon another. I have given you all that I have to give. If I knew of any other course for you to take that would fulfil your needs, I should gladly point the way.

"The laws of men will give you freedom from the man of your marriage, but not freedom from *yourself*; neither can law mend the broken heart, the broken home nor guide fatherless children. Naught but love can find the way to peace. There is no other way.

"Josephine, it is my hope that some day you will realize the highest joy that one can know—the joy born through the relinquishing of self. If it seems that I ask too much, it is only seeming. The reward is so great that the sacrifice is as nothing. We gain life, love and spiritual helpfulness only as we lose self. The world is only just awakening to the meaning of the message, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'

"The sins of hating and of condemning are as wofully wrong and mistaken as are the sins we condemn. Our task is not with another's weakness but with our own. Any work of reformation that cannot be accomplished through patient kindness and

encouragement cannot be accomplished. With the renunciation of self it will be revealed to you that this burden you have borne was necessary so that your higher, truer self be awakened. No experience comes to any life lest it be a need of that life."

"You have said quite enough! You ask my daughter to stultify and humble herself before the man who has disgraced her and her mother! You insult our common sense! I can listen to such sophistry no longer!" Whereupon Mrs. Harte indignantly withdrew from the Doctor's study with all the alacrity possible to her poundage.

"Mother does not understand. But God grant that I may," murmured Mrs. Satterlee brokenly.

"From her point of view your mother is justified in her resentment. She believes that it is wise and right to condemn and chastise the sinner and that my course is merely a sentimental one. She is too severely hurt to see, just now, anything but her own humiliations," said Dr. Wing softly.

"I think you see that what I have declared is far removed from self-stultification—that in reality you have been pointed the way to heights to which only the Christ may lead. None can go higher; some day none will go lower. I make no appeal to your emotions. What you might assent to in an emotional state today would only be followed by re-action tomorrow. If to turn against him because of his weakness does not

seem selfishly ignoble, then act as you must. That which I advocate must have the sanction of your highest sense of truth, of right, of justice and of love. Less than this can bring naught but failure.

"To cast out pride and selfishness and go to him with faith in the fuller meaning of Love; to stand by him against all the silly stings of the world; to bear with him, patient with his every failure, will arouse new courage and strength in him and lead him to freedom. It can be nothing short of glorious gain for both of you, for Love knows not failure."

Mrs. Satterlee wept. Then in the midst of her tears she arose and stood before him. Laying her hand on the Doctor's head with all the womanly tenderness and as if he were something more than human, she said:

"Oh, Frank Wing, you have made God mean something to me! You have awakened in me a new meaning to life, to love and to duty! How self-centered, how blind I have been; how I have deceived myself: I thought I was a slave to nothing. Now I see that I have always been held in *self*! My eyes are opened—I see—I see the truth! That which was all burden to me shall be burden no more."

Her tears were spent. She left him with a new determination in her eyes, the while a new horizon and a new future beckoned.

. . . . .



With the fixing of the first shades of twilight, Jimmie Hook, barnman at the Harbor, was on the roadway leading back from Torrville. The message he had delivered to the operator at the station was addressed to Mr. Harrison Satterlee, Boston, Mass., and read:

"Dear Harry:

There is a way. I have found it. Come.

Josephine."

## CHAPTER VIII.

**O**N the morning of his third day at the Harbor Chester Waugh awoke earlier than usual, yet strangely refreshed. After ablutions and putting on fresh apparel, he proceeded to get himself out of doors. The first person to meet and greet him was Alicia Wyman.

"Why! Mr. Waugh—so early? Isn't it a pretty morning—so pretty, I'm tempted to give it chocolates; but if I did I suppose that it would have the chocolate dropsy, or something."

"How are you this morning, Miss Wyman?" Waugh inquired impassively.

"Oh, I'm fair—and warmer, weatheratorically speaking. I've been out in the gardens since sunrise, playing Sweetie, the flower girl. Let me pin a flower on your manly—It's going to be awfully hot before noon. This snow-ball may make it seem cooler to you," bubbled Alicia, pinning the flower on the merchant's coat.

"I saw you at the lecture last night. Did you enjoy it?" she queried, while adjusting the flower.

"Oh, yes, very much."

Something in his voice caused her to instantly let go his coat.

"Let us sit together," she said. Involuntarily he was led to a chair, Alicia seating herself in another directly facing him.

The face and manner of the girl, whom Chester Waugh had measured as a light and flippant young thing, was now that of a thoughtful woman.

"I being a woman and you a mere man," she said with a smile and proceeded, "am going to exact the privilege of reading your soul. I shall neither look into your palm, the back of your hand, nor interrogate your planet, but shall speak from your own unconfessed attitudes of mind.

"First of all, you regard us as a species of fanatics, who, fortunately, as it seems to you, are few in number. The fact is that, while the woods are not quite full of us, we comprise many thousands.

"Our chief concern is with human life and its welfare, and this has led us to a study of mind and its issues. We are guided by no one 'ism or 'osophy. No school of spiritual philosophy is without its indigestible phases, yet we have dug up and found some gold, some good, in each heap in the several mental fields. To drag a ladder up after climbing to a height might encumber one for the next ascent.

"I was born—let me see," said Alicia, reflectively, "I was born just one year ago, twenty-two years of age at birth. Beyond that year I was somebody else's mind, somebody else's opinions, politics, religion and character.

I, as have millions of others, simply accepted my environs and training as a matter of course, neither knowing nor believing that there was or could be anything better. I had not yet been born.

"In our set I was a somebody and helped to perpetuate its selfish, superficial code of culture; measured by the standards of real character and worth I was barely discoverable.

"I came to see myself as I was, moulded and fashioned after a pattern that had its birth in nothing nobler than pride and pretense, a sort of cultivated exotic, reared carefully and bred to uselessness; anything but what it was possible to be."

"You are hardly fair to yourself," intervened Waugh, "I think that exotics are very beautiful and also very necessary."

"As flowers, yes; as beings, no," answered Alicia, with firmness.

"As a flower I would classify her with the cactus family," Waugh silently resolved.

Continuing, Alicia said: "With my awakening to real values, something of ladylike reserve or unassuming modesty—so perfectly pleasing to the average man—had a rather sudden demise, perhaps too much so. It may be that the pendulum of my character has swung too far to one side and stuck. If so I shall know and correct it.

"Because I have mingled with and made friends of the humblest and lowest, those in the set in which I once moved now regard me as a faddist who was always at heart a plebian. Butterflies! Mere butterflies in the cocoon stage! They cannot help what they say and I've got beyond caring. Proud little folks hold to the *appearances* of things; freed minds let go of all but the truth of things. I let go, threw away my pride, some of it at least, to find my better self. And, whether or not I have been able to make others happier for so doing, one thing is certain I am the happier for it.

"To return to the point: under the glow of the new lights I have come to be definitely assured that character or the absence of it makes or unmakes physical and mental harmony or health. Now sir, list you: *You do not tell the truth!*"

Waugh started a prompt and injured remonstrance which was speedily silenced by Alicia.

"Hush, hush, please hush! Neither do I tell the truth—always. I am still in degree a child of fear, and fear, you know, is the father of every lie ever told. Fearing the consequences of truth, we lie to escape them; but we don't: our falsities find us out. In the hope of hiding some personal deficiency, fearing that others may take us for what we truly are, we lie in the hope that they will judge us for what we truly are not. In these and a thousand other ways we depart from truth with no result other than to find, some day, that

we have cheated only ourselves. To paraphrase Solomon: All is vanity, pretense, affectation, bubble-flubbery and buncombe! God bless Solomon! He loved the truth! Only one in a thousand of us knows what is truth or when we are telling it. I shall be rid of falsity just as fast as I can realize that there is nothing to fear but the fears in myself.

"In the gardens of our souls, we may plant as we will, thistles of deceit or the flowers of truth. No garden overgrown with thistles has room for truth flowers; in other words, a thistle-grown mind can neither receive nor understand the values of truth until weeding is done; and few there are who have not much weeding to do." Here, Alicia paused to flick a loosened petal off his coat and resumed:

"If you had said frankly that you did not believe in the Doctor's statements and offered reasons therefor, I should have respected your honesty. You thought that candor would offend me; and pride in your own judgment, as against the Doctor's declarations, lifted or lowered you above the need of question or argument, and despite the fact that your conclusions were born of crystallized prejudices and little or no thought, while the Doctor's opinions are the result of years of inquiry and test.

"Upon leaving the train at Torrville, you were in anger——"

"What's that!" gasped the merchant.

"I should have told you that Dr. Wing recited to me part of your experience up to the time you left Torrville. You recall that you were in anger; in anger we are never led to do the right thing. You might have waited at Torrville for the afternoon stage, but for being in a hurry. Hurrying in life is hurrying out of it.

"Meeting the countrymen at the smithy's shop, you inquired for 'a gentleman named Conroy.' Here, your pride asserted itself. They were crude folk, and so you wished to impress them with your superior city ways and your separateness from them by referring to plain Bill Conroy as a 'gentleman'. Naturally, they were unequal to realizing the duality, and, naturally, your annoyances were multiplied. I go so far as to say——"

"I promised your mother that I would go with her to the truck-gardens," interrupted Waugh, glancing up at the sun and rising from his seat with studied concern.

"Mother will not be up until eight; it is now half after six," returned Alicia, inspecting the tiny be-jewelled watch at her wrist, and pursuing: "No, you shall not escape so easily. You accept the conventional idea of special deference due a lady, and, so, abide by it. Be seated, sir!"

Chester Waugh resumed his seat, grinning in spite of himself.

"—I go so far as to say, that, had you habited your mind to serenity, you would not have had to endure the trials of yesterday. Something within would have directed you to start away a day before, perhaps, or a day after. We attract into our lives no experiences but those which the character of our thought invites. Every petty care, yes, accident and disaster, is self-attracted. Believing this to be truth absolute, do you wonder why I have identified myself with this institution?" she asked.

"Even so, I doubt very much that I could get myself to think that way," said Waugh, indifferently. "I consider myself a practical man of affairs and see no good reason to make any change."

"A practical man! Why bless your heart, a practical man is one who opposes all theory, and adheres only to the things that practice has proven. Of course, you know that all improvement was theory prior to its demonstration. You surely do not mean that you have opposed the use of improved machinery and appliances in your own business. You couldn't have made any sort of success if you had. What you mean is that you are practical in the sense that you do not agree with the things you do not understand? How could you; how could anyone believe in that which he did not understand?

"The science of mind is not something to be *believed* in; it is to be tested first and proved or



disproved, just as you try out a new scheme of efficiency in your business.

"The world is undergoing continual progressive change and cannot stand still, however much practical persons may wish that it would.

"There is a common-sense ring to the word practical that I like. If I had my way I would give the term a broader meaning. I would want a truly practical person to be one who had found the way to get the most out of life. The utmost of good is attained neither through material things nor power of position. Dr. Wing says we cannot know how much sweetness life offers until we have gotten selfishness out of our hearts. To get the most out of life is to find peace. To be at peace with one's self and all the world is to know true plentifulness.

"Have you been, Mr. Waugh, so truly practical as to have found continued peace?"

Chester Waugh shifted uneasily in his seat and retorted, "Dr. Wing said a good many things not to my liking."

"Ah, now you are candid! As Dr. Wing has said, 'It is easier to overcome any sin than it is to arouse one to *want* to overcome.' I am so glad that you have spoken; you say so little. Sometimes you look so wise and self-assured that I expect at any moment to see your mouth suddenly open and explode all that I have said, then again"—here Alicia smiled with an effort to

soften what was coming—"I think you say so little because you have so little to say."

Chester Waugh was amazed at his own self-possession. "I was brought up to respect the Christian religion," he retorted self-righteously.

"Well, then, why don't you; why don't you respect it?"

"You people do not believe in God!" he protested.

"Why, where in the world did you get that!" The fact is that we don't believe in anything but God. You have a sort of belief in a God, but no faith whatever in Good as meaning God. Believing in a God of rewards and punishments is of itself a soul-burden of sufficient weight to send anyone head-first into hades!

"Now tell me what it was that offended your finer sensibilities."

Without waiting for a reply, she continued, "Surely, you cannot think that we disregard anything sanctioned by Jesus, who taught and illumined the Christ principles.

"There are men in your sphere, and many of them, who reap rewards through the toil of the worker, who would not deign to speak a word kindly and encouragingly to one of their employees. And these are the men, from whose toil, the employer realizes his only god—profit. It is all very fine to be a big man of business, but it is suicidal, yes, criminal to be nothing more. They think that they are superior to the workers they employ. In what respect are they superior.

In what one respect are they as great as one who bears his illy-paid burden without murmur? Would you expect that one of these men would condescend even to nod to one poor soul whom he had benefacted through organized or individual charity should he pass him on the street? No. Such an act would be beneath his dignity and, therefore, above his intelligence.

"Oh, the numskulls! It would be stupid to condemn them; nothing but pity is reasonable for those who so deny themselves the joys and blessedness of brotherhood. If it were mine to free my fellow-beings from one, just one, human mistake and weakness, one form of madness that has caused more strife, war, desolation, more sorrow, more separation of man from man and man from woman, I should deliver the world of its blind pride. I know whereof I speak for I have suffered for and lost much because of it.

"Don't you see that all pretense that poses in the name of religion and respectability; all this stupid assumption of superiority and aloofness has got to go before light can come?"

"Even though I don't try to disprove your ideas, I still think that there must be some flaw in them; else why hasn't the world accepted them. No, it seems to me that you people have made yourselves believe what you think," said Waugh, with an air of finality.

"We take this attitude: If one would believe in Christianity, he must believe in the declarations of Jesus. He was not only a great spiritual thinker, he was the greatest being that ever lived; for the reason that no one has ever equalled his mighty works. Therefore, he was, and still is, entitled to the world's recognition as the *true spiritual authority*: 'Ye have been told to do thus and so,' Jesus said in effect, 'but I say unto you this is the way.' He saw that to give up one's self was to know life in its fulness, and that is what we are striving to do."

"I have to say what I said before," Waugh retorted stubbornly. "Furthermore, how do I know but that my taking on your views may lead me into some sort of fanaticism worse for me than my physical difficulties."

"Supposing you had never done anything all your life but whistle, you could *try* to sing, couldn't you?" Alicia ventured.

"Yes, if I wanted to sing, but I don't," dryly responded Waugh.

Miss Alicia Wyman was silent for a full ten seconds. She was thinking. Finally and in discouragement she said:

"Every opinion concerning life that you now hold you have clung to, I think, from childhood. Such allegiance to archaic bric-a-brac should identify you with the museums but never with the muses. You have developed yourself only up to the point of being able

to realize success under an industrial system that extravagantly rewards dishonesty, greed and cunning, while common, honest toil and worth count for little. To let go one of your accepted opinions would pain you so severely that it would require one more cold-blooded than I to attempt to free you!"

Chester Waugh rose instantly and indignantly from his seat.

Alicia got up quite as quickly.

"Oh, Mr. Waugh," she cried, "I have offended you! I, who have been preaching the values of kindness; and what a failure I've made of it! When I recall how, once, it was all so absurd to me—all that I now am convinced is true was quite impossible! My pride it was that you punctured. I so disliked to think that you considered us unintelligent. But why care; my own thoughts should be my only concern."

She spoke the last sentence musingly, then turned her eyes full upon those of Chester Waugh and said:

"I am very sorry. After all, I am only a beginner in self-adjustment. The only thing that might possibly condone my mistake is that I long so to share with others the good that is mine that indifference or repulsion hurts. You will forget my unkindness, won't you? I shall never make the same mistake again—not with you and I hope not with others."

Alicia was so truly contrite that Chester Waugh was magnanimously stirred.

"Of course I'll forget it—why not?" he said, thawing perceptibly while moving toward the stone steps, this time not interrupted by Alicia.

While Waugh strode away Alicia sat alone, ruminating:

"But he won't forget; why should he? I was positively insulting. I know now that I was altogether wrong at the table last night. I spurred them on, Mr. White and Olivia. He was so self-conscious and pompous! As Olivia puts it, 'Those who are widest awake to the faults of others are soundest asleep to their own.' How I have blundered, censuring him for the very things that I was doing myself! What can he think of me?" Then recalling a commentary once made by Tulley White, "Progress is more often impeded by over-anxious reformers than by those who oppose the reform," Alicia stood straight up, gave her arm a lusty pinch and said commandingly, "Wake up! Wake up! Alicia Wyman; you're sound asleep!"

"If that girl isn't a daughter of the devil then Mister Mephistopheles never had a family! Miss Mephisto! Ah, Ha! Ha! that sounds good to me," chuckled Waugh as he strode away.

The fresh morning air impelled him to walk. He was exploring a part of the grounds new to him. At the truck gardens, some distance back of Harbor Home, he stopped to talk with one of the gardeners, a young man occupied in trimming the hedges

surrounding a vegetable garden, a series of which ran a quarter-mile back, each garden enclosed in hedges, all beautifully groomed and inviting.

"Yes, we grow all the table truck right here," was the answer to Waugh's inquiry.

"If you're here around eight o'clock you'll see the highest-toned lot of farm hands in the world, I guess. They're wimmin, about thirty in the bunch, and three hundred millions of money wouldn't buy 'em out. One of 'em, Miss Wyman, has got sixty millions in her own name—some coin, eh? Ain't it rotten how some has so much? I used to vote Democrat; but since I heard how much that kid's got, I says, 'Me for Teddy next fall; there's the one White Hope for the down-trodden!'

"Over in the woods there's a log house and a lot of wigwams, with a regular Chippewa Indian in charge," said the gardener, making the shift easily.

"With the men, one morning it's out on the big lake rowing; the next they're in the woods laying the ax to a pine log. Some of 'em sleep in tents; the women, they break out like a flock of blue-birds, with overall-bloomers on, and come out here mornings with hoes and rakes, and work in the dirt just like they had to. The boss, Dr. Wing, is daffy on outdoor work. The wimmin seem to like it, so I guess it's all right."

"How long do they work?" asked Waugh amazedly.

"Oh, only an hour or so, till they get tired—"

"Who are those strange looking persons?" asked Waugh, his attention at the moment diverted to two brown-hued men in long robes of red, each wearing a colored turban. Both were seated in front of a small temple-like building on a hill close by, smoking placidly.

"Them are Hindoo men," said the gardener, "physical culture guys; they put you through exercise stunts like they do out in India; take you up on the hills and make you breathe deep and a lot of other stunts. You see that wide white sand-path? Well it's a mile going and coming over hills and flats, and every one here has to make the trip, bare-footed, every morning before breakfast. The India men start the procession; they'll be going it soon now; it's near seven. Better get your boots off, Mister, and get in line. No, I'm wrong; come to think, today is Thursday and every Thursday is play-day for everybody but the hired help," his tone falling to dejection with the latter thought.

With the acquisition of a cigar from the merchant, he turned merrily to his task, earth's inequalities for the time being forgotten.

"There's a *right* gent," he remarked, with a glance at the retreating figure.





## CHAPTER IX.

ON Chester Waugh's return to Harbor Home after a walk, covering a circuit of the entire grounds, he found himself again in the presence of Alicia and her mother, at the breakfast table. Mrs. Wyman beamed sunfully.

"We were just speaking of you. Alicia and I are arranging a motoring trip. Alicia is to be our chauffeur. She insists upon driving the car, although our man is here to serve us. You need have no qualms: Alicia understands it perfectly. She knows the wheel-base of the carbureter and—and all about it—isn't it so, Alicia?" prattled Mrs. Wyman.

"It will be pleasant for all concerned if Mr. Waugh *would* make it convenient. There will be we three and Olivia. It would seem so much more *respectable* to be accompanied by a gentleman," said Alicia, a suggestive smile at the corners of her mouth, and her eyes demure and downcast; genuineness, nevertheless, in her plea.

Waugh understood. "For the honor of the family, yes, I will go," he answered jocosely, evincing that he was pleased with the prospect.

Chester Waugh was much more inclined to be lenient with Miss Alicia now that he had become acquainted with the extent of her millions.

Twenty minutes later, with Olivia at her side, and her mother and Chester Waugh comfortably seated on the deep cushions of the tonneau, Alicia moved the lever through the gears into the "high," and, like a spirited young horse snorting impatiently to get away, the powerful motor plunged ahead and then subsided to a delighted purr as it sped apace.

"Do be careful, dear; Mr. Waugh may be nervous if you go too fast," said Mrs. Wyman worriedly.

"One word for Mr. Waugh; ten for yourself, Momsey! Torrville is just eighteen miles as the crow flies. We'll be there in one hour. Twenty miles per is only a little faster than a walk," Alicia soothed.

With the mention of Torrville, Chester Waugh remarked to Mrs. Wyman:

"I met a young blacksmith at Torrville the day I arrived. Quite a likely young chap; a big, fine-looking fellow with a face to make you think of a young Roman emperor. I think I shall have to stop and chat with him before we return."

"I've seen him," said Olivia, facing about, "and your description is correct. What a Virginius he would make, and so free of self-consciousness! Once at the station we tried, Miss Hastings and I, to get his attention. One might as well have attempted to flirt with a wooden Indian! We must have Alicia meet him; she so admires the out-of-the-usual."

"No wild Indians for mine," said Alicia, apathetically, intent at the moment on trying to evade a leg-horn that flew wildly and cluckingly directly in front of the car.

"Henry! Henry!—I mean Henrietta—get off the road, you stupid! If you don't wake up in this world you surely will in the next, and suddenly, too!" Alicia cried, bringing the car to a sharp halt.

"You are altogether too considerate of some things. For fear of hurting a hen you've nearly thrown Mr. Waugh and me out of the tonneau!" cried Mrs. Wyman. Then, directing her remarks to Mr. Waugh, she said:

"Alicia is so considerate of animals that, if her own mother and a collie stood in the roadway, actually I think that the dog would be spared."

"Yes, the dog would be spared and so would you, but the probabilities are that Alicia would ditch the car even at the risk of its turning turtle on herself. You know that this is true, don't you, Mrs. Wyman?" said Olivia with emphasis on the know.

"Yes, I do," answered Alicia's mother softly and with bedewed eyes.

"Sentimental swashgabblers!" uttered Alicia.

The rest of the trip passed, as did the forepart, pleasantly and without event. Passing the little graveyard out of Torrville, Mrs. Wyman remarked to Waugh:

"I cannot imagine what has come over Alicia; she is so unlike herself. Usually she sees so much to

comment upon. On our last trip this way she referred to the little cemetery as a boneyard or a stoneyard, I really forget which.

"You know," said Mrs. Wyman with a low voice and mysterious air, "Alicia does not think it at all sensible to consider the dead within their graves. She says, 'They have merely left their bodies in the earth and gone away to get new bodies.'"

Waugh's unspoken opinion was that Alicia's new mood was due to regret for what she had said to him that morning. To Mrs. Wyman's last words he replied:

"No doubt of it—that is, they've gone somewhere, let us hope."

"Alicia!" spoke Mrs. Wyman, "Mr. Waugh would like to be left at the blacksmith's. We'll go to Mrs. Simmons' and stop for Mr. Waugh on our way back." Then Mrs. Wyman made it known that Mrs. Simmons was a poor woman whom Alicia had helped.

Nearing the smithy's shop, Waugh called to Alicia to slow up.

Napoleon Odin stood in the doorway as the car and its quartette halted. He bowed decorously to the ladies and smiled upon Waugh, who got out of the car with open hand to meet him.

"I couldn't pass without having a little visit with you," said Waugh.

"I am glad that you couldn't," answered Odin, seizing the proffered hand heartily.

Alicia waited at the wheel until Waugh drew the big man inside the shop, and then started abruptly away.

"How stupid of him not to introduce us," said Olivia, mildly indignant.

"He didn't mean to be rude. I'm sure Mr. Waugh thinks that it would assault our code of dignity to introduce us to a common blacksmith. He doesn't understand us yet," said Alicia brightly.

"I've been so filled up with book talk since I was here that it seems good to get near you again. What I like is common-sense people," said Waugh to the smithy, after seating himself on the bench that was previously sacred to the Holden twins.

"I suppose that that's the way with most of us—never quite satisfied. What you care so little for I would give a lot to know. I want to know more about life; I feel that I am only ankle-deep in anything worth while. You know what they say about the danger of a little knowledge, and another thing it seems to me that the people who study life are a lot happier than any greenhorn like me——"

"Be careful that you don't get in over your head like some of the people that I know!" cut in Waugh sagely.

Odin looked questioningly into the face of the merchant for a few moments, and replied:

"So you don't care very much for the people up at the Harbor, eh? I'm wondering at that. We folks out here think there's no one like the Doctor. When he comes to Torrville it's like a holiday and nothing's too good for him!"

"There are others besides Dr. Wing at the Harbor, you know," Waugh answered darkly.

At this moment Odin's attention was attracted to the sound of hurrying feet.

"Hello!" he cried, "what's up?"

A man with terror in his eyes and blood oozing from a gash under a cheek-bone, his head bare, his coat in shreds, was making for the smithy's shop in a frenzied hurry. At the doorstep he stumbled and fell headlong into the arms of the smithy.

"What's the trouble?" spoke Odin, straightening the man to his feet.

"Let me hide—they're after me—Italians—they'll kill me!" panted the stranger.

"What started it?" Odin asked.

"I'm foreman of a repair gang on the tracks. Two came drunk this morning. I told them to go home. The rest went with them—came back—all drunk—and tried to kill me—they're coming—I hear them!" gasped the man.

"Get up the ladder; bolt the hatch after you and lie flat in the middle of the roof!" Odin commanded, pushing the frightened man to the farthest corner of the shop.

"I'll have to get rid of these fellows before we can have our talk," said the smithy cheerily, moving to the doorway as he spoke.

"Be careful, they're a bad, dirty looking lot," cautioned Waugh.

"Yes," said the smithy smiling, "I doubt that any of them has been under the influence of water in some days."

Five of the men, dark, maudlin and threatening, had halted in the middle of the road, to be joined by two hard-breathing stragglers. Garbed in the every-day dress of Italian laborers, all coatless, with black slouch hats, vari-colored shirts, dirty overalls; here and there one wearing a red bandana at the neck; with eyes inflamed with drink, leering menacingly at the young blacksmith, these men, with the addition of whiskers and change of gear, might have stood for types of a time when red-handed piracy rode the seas.

There were no doubts as to the whereabouts of their prey; on the other hand, the formidable appearance of the young giant made immediate action neither certain nor wise.

For a few moments the excited men glared at Odin, and then broke concertedly into noisy jabbering, in



which arms and hands played an active part. Finally, one of them left the band and strode toward the blacksmith.

"Me take-a man!" he spoke gutturally.

"Not today, my friend," said Odin quietly.

"Me take-a man!" repeated the Italian, his face darkening into threat.

"No! I said. You men are drunk and would kill him," spoke Odin, still calm and unflinchingly firm.

In another instant all was chaos and hell let loose. At a signal from their spokesman, the fury-blinded men bore down upon the blacksmith.

From a space back of the forge, to which he had moved with the first advance of the mob, Waugh saw in the thick of the melee the mighty arms of Odin swinging and battering his opponents to the ground; and then, to his affright and horror, the man who was spokesman got up on his feet and, with knife in hand, leaped at Odin's back. Waugh hurried to the front in time to catch the wounded young giant in his arms, bearing him to the grass-plot at the side of the shop.

For some minutes Waugh waited at the side of the wounded man, overcome and helpless.

Whether it was because of fright over what had been done or the noisy approach of the Wyman car coming down the hill with cut-out wide open, at any rate, when Alicia pulled up at the smithy's shop the Italians to a man had dispersed.

Alicia was first out of the car.

"I'm afraid they've killed him," mourned Waugh, pointing to the fallen giant.

With her usual quickness of thought and action, Alicia took in the surroundings, noticing at the rear of one of the tottering houses close by a stretch of apparel and sheets dangling from a line.

"You go, Olivia, and bring one or all of the sheets; pay any price. I'll take care of him," she said quietly.

Kneeling on the blood-bespattered grass at Odin's back, as he lay with right shoulder up, the gash exposed to view, Alicia cut away the torn shirt and held the pieces over the gushing wound.

Two women, with horror on their faces, came hurrying to the scene.

"Poor Nap, P-o-o-r Nap! He was such a grand man!" one cried, her tears falling on the stricken smithy.

"Is there a doctor near?" asked Alicia.

"Not nearer than Owossie—five miles," the weeping woman answered.

On the return of Olivia, whose mission was successful, Alicia, with the aid of the neighboring women, cut the bandages and wound them under and around the neck, covering the cut.

"We'll take him back to the Harbor," said Alicia in a tone that brooked no repeal from the gathering

crowd, which now numbered several men. At her request four of the men lifted Odin into the car.

"You drive, Olivia. Mr. Waugh and I will remain in the tonneau with him."

And so, with Mrs. Wyman pale and speechless at Olivia's side, and Waugh and Alicia ministering as best they could to the unconscious man, the car moved away.

Perhaps a mile out of Torrville the wounded smithy opened his eyes, looked about him dazedly and asked:

"What became of the man on the roof?"

## CHAPTER X.

**W**OULD you mind putting the proposition in a more concrete form?" asked Justus Carstairs of Dr. Wing.

Both men were seated in the Doctor's study at about the same time that the Wyman car left Torrville.

"I have read and re-read the books, yet I don't seem equal to surrounding the subject. I feel that it is all there, but somehow I don't get to it; that is, it's mostly words to me. I don't get anything that I can use."

"Spiritual philosophy," said the Doctor, "like every other philosophy, requires a getting at principles first before it is intelligible and useful. It is not so much a matter of reading and re-reading as it is of starting right and then trusting to test and reflection. Let me see if I cannot make the premise clear to you," said he drawing his chair closer to Carstairs, and proceeding:

"You and I are at present employing mind in the conscious state. With your conscious mind you have asked me a question, and with my conscious mind I am answering it; but if you or I wish to recall in ten minutes or ten years from now that which was asked

by you and answered by me, it would be the sub-conscious mind that would supply what was said. That is to say, the sub-conscious mind receives and holds consciously-made impressions, and also responds to the desires of the conscious mind. Sub-conscious mind is the seat of memory and the fount of all thought.

"The character of one's thought expressed by the conscious mind determines the state of the sub-conscious mind. And by this rule, may the powers of one individual, physically or mentally, be measured with another's: the real difference between one being and another is wholly a matter of degree and quality of desire. Desire for greater bodily strength is as certain of realization as will be the desire for greater mental power.

"Degree of desire increases with the proof that our desires can be realized; the quality of desire improves as fast as it is clear to us that higher thought assures higher power and peace.

"The same energy (mind) that supplies the laborer's need, strength, is the same power that gives the thinker his need, understanding.

"With the birth of desire and the cultivation of higher power the laborer rises out of drudgery. When the more highly developed man debases his powers through wrong desires it frequently follows that he reverts to the plane of the laborer.

"Therefore, since desire may be cultivated, quickened and broadened through persistent effort, no living being need be a victim of anything or anybody. He need never be less than he wishes to be.

"One manifestation of sub-conscious action is shown most clearly in this example: You and I decide to get up tomorrow morning to catch a train, say at three o'clock. On retiring, we charge our minds with our desire to awaken at the appointed hour, and if the desire is sincere we shall be aroused promptly on the hour, three o'clock. This effect is produced wholly by our own minds in the sub-conscious state. Consider how marvelous this is! At nine we are sound asleep, unconscious of everything sensed in waking hours, transported in dreams, mayhap to the jungles of Asia, pursuing or pursued by wild beasts, or occupied in some trivial dream affair nearer home. In the midst of these dream experiences, we are awakened at the hour with which we had charged the sub-conscious mind six hours before. How marvelous! And yet as remarkable as it is, the failure of the many to reflect upon the fact and get at its meaning is still more marvelous.

"If, however, this were the limit of sub-conscious mind, the world's lethargy might well pass unnoticed. But this is not so.

"Desire—wishing for, longing for, praying for: all one and the same—confidently impressed on the sub-

conscious, receives the answer it expects, nothing more or less. The conscious mind desires; the sub-conscious fulfils. Long for health, and if the longing be strong and expectant, lo, processes begin in the sub-conscious mind that make for health. Long for anything, 'believing that ye receive,' and soon ways and means for realization will be presented. None can believe this by reason of word of mine or of others, *but none who rightly makes the test ever fails to find the proof.*"

"I think that I have gotten that much pretty well gathered, that is, I believe that all you have said is possible, but what I don't get is how healing takes place through thought held over me," said Carstairs.

"Our explanation is this: All mind is one—spirit, soul, mind, thought—all are one. Mind in the sub-conscious state receives the thought of the healer and is affected thereby, just as your sub-conscious mind will be affected by the desires of your conscious mind. Disease does not come upon us by will of an avenging God, but by ignorant or knowing non-observance of the laws of mind. It is in the nature of things that the sub-conscious mind can create only that with which it is impressed: good for good thought; evil for evil thought.

"With this understood, it follows that man is ever the arbiter of his own destiny. He can be what he wills himself to be, and possess what he wishes through faith in the power of his own thought."

"Where does desire come from?" asked Carstairs.

"As I see it, our desires are the expressions of inherited impulses. Good thought gives rise to desire for good; evil thought desires its kind. When suffering ensues because of evil-thinking; if the suffering be severe enough to arouse longing for good, a change of desire takes place in the sub-conscious mind and, thus, often a Magdalen is nearer heaven than those who would stone her.

"And so you see that while it has been instinctive and natural in man to long for more and to pray for the good he desired, his mistake was not in that he prayed, but because of the nature of his praying: finding in himself the impulses to do the wrong thing, he saw himself a sinner, a thing born to sin and suffer. He prayed as a wretch prays and, so, added only wretchedness, all the while believing in his heart that the God to whom he had prayed was at no time near enough to hear him. Could he have seen himself as one with God—the spirit of all life—the mind in which he moved and had his being. And here I have to say that if God is not in every being born into life, He is not anywhere. Could he, I say, have seen, himself as one with the Great Spirit instead of as one apart, he would have been in touch with and known the rewards of reality.

"As a child, the first glimpse that I had of evil came with the utterances of men and women who professed



godliness. When I stood over the crushed and mangled body of a little playmate of mine, they said, 'It is God's wiser will that it be so.' The first true light of God that came to me, years after, rose out of the speech of men who declared for justice and greater good-will for all on earth. They spoke in the name of an enlightened sociology, but not in the name of God; nevertheless, they were the first to waken my mind to the true meaning of God: Good is God; and they were striving for more Good.

"Men, in the old days, clung to the old ways because the old ways were the best that they knew. Their God was a loveless despot, a whimsical and all-powerful being enthroned, with mercy on his lips, a bludgeon in his hands and revenge in his heart. They were true to their God, and lived as they supposed their revengeful but impossible God lived.

"To the entire terrestrial sphere, the one thing added by man was evil. In none but a human brain was Satan ever conceived. The devil and evil had their origin in fear and misinterpretation. Man came to believe that the devil he created was greater than the God that created him.

"The mandate was fear to do evil. Love was a mere word, allied to effeminacy. Solemn severity was the fixed spirit in and out of the churches of the godly.

"How could they be more than the God that they worshiped? Between the stern harshness of their lives

and their ever-yawning hell fires, what else was possible but hell to pay?

"With little but this to bequeath their children, what else had their children to bequeath the generations following but fear and hatred?"

"But it is dying, Carstairs—all of fear and hate is dying as surely as today is not tomorrow, and there will be neither mourners trailing nor requiems chanted at the final passing," Dr. Wing concluded.

"In your lecture, you said that the sins of the fathers still visit. Now, if many inherit the viciousness and vices of their forbears, how are they responsible for what others have done?" asked Carstairs in a tone not complimentary to the quality of the Doctor's logic.

"To be sure, no one is responsible for what others have done, but we *are* responsible for what *we* do, and also responsible for submitting to the urge of inherited evil, as truly as we are responsible for not being what we can be—sovereigns of our own souls."

"But," declared Carstairs, "many do not understand it so; they do not know that they can change the character of their impulses. They think their natures are as unchangeable as sex."

"Nevertheless, the fact that we can change our natures still remains. What is temperament but the sum total of the character of our thoughts? People who do not want to know do not come to know. What has anyone ever added to his store of knowledge

without first manifesting the desire and willingness to learn? We are living to learn how to live, and there is ever a way open to those who would seek the way," answered the Doctor with quiet conviction.

Carstairs had risen with intent to go when the thought came to him to ask:

"By the way, how is our friend, Mr. Waugh, coming on?"

"I do not expect that Mr. Waugh will be here for long. For some time to come, our stock in store will call out little else than his suspicion," said the Doctor, his eyes suffused with smiling light.

And then Carstairs saw for the first time since meeting the man, the sunny eyes dim to actual pathos, as he said:

"We have no experience in our work quite so distressing as that of being denied the privilege of restoring to health all who come here. But many, like Mr. Waugh, are not ready, not quite willing to put aside personal prejudices for the time being and feel safe in our hands; and yet, deeply as we deplore it, nothing more can be expected.

"Mr. Waugh has so consecrated himself to business and money-making that the higher self is at present not susceptible to awakening. After further suffering, and this is inevitable, money will be less to him and mental and bodily ease more. He is at least true to himself; all men are for that matter. Even the

hypocrite is not false to his nature, which, in other words, is simply a state of mind. Into our field, many more are called than are ready.

"Be assured of this, we do not disparage money-success or any other form of success honorably attained. What we do insist upon is that all success which has not added something to the wealth of the soul is failure."

"Supposing, Doctor," said Carstairs, "that your ideas came to be believed generally, what sort of a world would this be? What would it actually mean?"

For a while Dr. Wing made no reply. Carstairs watched him closely, the while awaiting an answer. Slowly the Doctor's face took on a rapt intensity new to its observer—perhaps it meant prophecy.

"It will mean," said Dr. Wing, evenly and softly, "an end forevermore to all that is petty in the heart of man, and the unfoldment of all that is great in the soul of him. It will mean an end to sham and pretense, guile and greed, to hate and its every offspring; an end to all that debases and weights the wings of the spirit; the death of that legalized infamy which disgraces the name of man and justice—the giving to a handful of money an interest-receiving power greater than the wage-earning power of the toiler; an end to a system which makes it possible for thousands to receive without rendering an equivalent, and which perpetuates slothful luxury and dissipation at the

expense of the producing classes; it will mean the restoration of all lands to God's great family, the people; and in that day not even the unduly rich will mourn their loss, for such loss will mean the release from soul-burdens, against which the transient joys, bought with ill-gotten gains, will weigh as nothing. And in that hour, will come, not only peace with and good-will to all, but the rebirth of that almost decadent quality, self-respect.

"There still will be contests between man and man, but not of bitterness and strife; there still will be the hewing and doing of common toil; but no work will be done in humiliation; all work will be ennobling. Man has believed that the acquisition of wealth is the big achievement. Ere many years pass, he will have come to see that material increase is a will-o'-the-wisp—its charms are gone with its possession. He will find lasting peace only in striving to do more and be more."

With this Dr. Wing ceased.

"All that sounds pretty much millennium to me," said Carstairs smilingly.

"Just so," answered the Doctor. "The millennium is not a chimerical affair. It is an ideal and, therefore, *inevitable*. Every true ideal is inevitable. Nothing is beautiful but truth. The millennium does not mean a change of scenery but a change of soul."

"When is this millennial hurrah coming off?" asked Carstairs, still smiling.

In the same spirit of good nature, the Doctor answered:

"Either in one hundred centuries from tomorrow or *now*—have it as you will. Every living being who, at this moment expels from his heart gross selfishness, and supplants it with true selfishness—Love—is living now in the millennium, quite as much as anyone will in hundreds of years hence."

Here the Doctor paused debatingly, and then proceeded:

"It occurs to me that there is here a thought which I have never made clear to you.

"Such a thing as true selfishness, distinct from gross selfishness, may appear to you as sophistry.

"See if this explains:

"Once it was *fear* to do evil; now it is *dare* to do right. Twenty or more years ago but few men in the business world dared to be fair. Resorting to sharp practices was common. Eventually the few who dared to be guided by principle were so emphatically successful that others were spurred to emulate them. They came to realize that both got the worst of it if either got the best of it. Today every wide awake man in the business field knows that trickery in dealing means the death of public confidence and patronage. He is just and fair, not in behalf of ethics, but for his own sake and security.

"And so with spiritual truth: the pleasures of sense are never forsaken until the joys of spirit are proved to be greater.

"Yes, there is a selfishness compatible with the nature and growth of the soul, and which makes for success, and a selfishness that inevitably ends in defeat. One form of selfishness seeks to gain without giving; the other recognizes *that there can be no gain without giving*.

"I am said to be selfish, and I am. I am supremely selfish. I wish for all the good that can be crowded into my life, but I know that no act of mine is truly selfish unless it brings good, or at least means no harm or loss to others.

"Just as we acquire more strength by using the strength we have, so does the heart overflow by emptying it. There is so much sentimental cant uttered in behalf of unselfish lives that, at times, I am impelled to cry out, 'Forgive them; they know not what they say.'

"There is no such thing as an unselfish act; no one ever does that which is called an unselfish act until he has come to see the true selfishness of it. I am too truly selfish to ever miss an opportunity to add to my happiness."

"You belittle yourself; I wouldn't call it selfishness at all," said Carstairs earnestly.

"What would you name it?" asked the Doctor.

"Why I should have to call it high-minded charity."

"You are weighing the subject with your sentiments. There is need of clear thinking, with which you are not honoring me or the subject," said the Doctor quietly.

*"What I insist upon is that men and women will yet come to see that no phase of right-living can mean personal sacrifice—it is all for personal gain."*

"The higher our degree of charity, justice and goodwill to all, the higher our personal reward. It is well that this is so.

"The pickpocket filches that which I may have given to you, for exactly the reason that I have presented it—to increase his sum total of self-satisfaction. The difference is that I add to your joys as well as to my own. I get to the side on which the sun shines; he only where the shadows fall. I keep the law because I get greater rewards by keeping it; he breaks the law because he thinks he will get more by so doing. The difference is wholly a matter of understanding."

Here the Doctor reached for and took up a pamphlet from his desk and handed it to Carstairs, with the comment:

"Look this over anytime—two or three days from now. You may gather more clearly from the printed words than from my lips."



Carstairs, after thanking him, took his departure.

Dr. Wing's request to read the printed sheet in two or three days had the effect of making Carstairs wish to peruse it forthwith.

Under a tree in the Catalpa grove, he read as follows :

## CHAPTER XI.

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### SELF-HEALING.

FRANKLIN WING.

**T**WO schools, one Mental Science or New Thought; the other, Christian Science, are open to the student of mind.

One field maintains that we can comprehend the material world only as we comprehend ourselves; Christian Science declares that we realize truth only as we deny the reality of material man and his world.

With the establishment of proof that mind heals disease, these schools came into existence through the efforts of their respective founders to explain mental healing and the causes of disease. Both schools are agreed that all disease arises from sin or evil thought, and that Jesus Christ was the first and greatest way-shower. "Go and sin no more lest a worse evil come upon you."

To accept Christian Science as truth compels the acceptance of a premise not provable with our present degree of light. Mental Science holds to nothing that cannot be demonstrated by test. If the latter field had

a slogan it might be this, Let us move *with* progress, not ahead of nor behind it.

Both schools stand upon one ground, that personal regeneration—self-healing—is necessary before the practitioner or healer is qualified for successful work.

Despite the reasonableness of this requirement, many instances of healing have been realized by novices prior to their making any specific effort toward self-healing. This point is not made in the paltry spirit of contradiction, nor to prove that either school is mistaken; but to press home the fact that one may prove the healing power of his own thought over disease—evil thinking—ere he has employed mind to heal self, and that under the natural spell of enthusiasm which ever accompanies the awakening to a new and great truth, the fledgling healer will often more speedily wing his way to healing heights than he does after suffering a first failure.

If personal regeneration were imperative in the demonstration of mental healing, the number of healers extant would be numbered by units instead of by thousands.

The vital difference between the healer regenerated and the beginner lies in the fact that, while the novice may heal others, he can by no possibility heal himself through any means other than personal regeneration; nor can he heal another *permanently* until the cause of

the disease is understood by him and overcome in the mind of the sufferer.

All disease has its origin in self—in character. Until the principles of right-living dominate self, self must continue to be sovereign: the body cannot be truly healed until the mind is healed.

“Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness and all else will be added unto you. The kingdom of heaven is within you” and love is the law thereof.

Where love is, neither hate, fear nor sensuality can abide; to anyone in whom these evils dominate, peace is impossible, and dissolution is not far away.

As earth is the needed element of plant life, and the waters the required element of the inhabitants thereof, so is righteousness—right-living—the necessary element of man that he may thrive. In good he moves and has his being.

The supreme acquirement of life is the knowledge of how to live. Man with all his power to do and dare, has left to the last the great achievement—the conquering of self. Not until he has solved the problem of how to think and act only as he wishes to think and act is he master. The realization of self-mastery is the beginning of the kingdom of heaven within—and without.

Every life, however far it be from realizing it, is constantly being impressed, through trying experiences,

with the mistake of being guided by impulse. True unfoldment begins with an awakening to the need of being guided by principle. Being guided by principle means that, before one acts upon his thoughts, he ask himself, "*Is it right?*" Every thought of his soul is either leading him toward or farther away from his needs.

As sad a commentary as it is upon this age of progress, the fact must be faced that only here and there is one who has a definite idea of what constitutes *right*. Honesty is the first need. Honesty with self means honesty with all. Honesty with self brings to light the fact that we are given to envy, jealousy, hate, resentment, pride, and the disinclination "to do unto others" and to grant to each his rights.

These evils are not commonly considered as harmful, and yet to understand their tremendous power to bring sorrow and suffering upon ourselves and others, is to take remorseful and immediate action for self-improvement.

Perhaps the most fatal mistake in any field of spiritual teaching today—fatal in this that it hinders its followers from seeing the tremendous importance of self-analysis—is that teaching which declares that man is perfect. Who, that is willing to believe that he is perfect, could have any incentive to look for imperfection in that which is already perfect?

All, in the nature and heart of things, is good. Any statement of this character will soothe more than it will satisfy. *All will be good when we think the thoughts that make all things good.*

All the good that man has realized and all the ills from which he has suffered came upon him wholly by reason of his *desiring* good or evil.

All has been at the mercy of God; now, all is up to the understanding of man. God (creative mind) is in man. Man is God expressed. Fearing the God he was taught to fear, led man into other fears and these led to his fearing himself. Whatever we think is sure to express itself after the manner of our thinking.

Nothing *is* but Mind—Man and his creations.

Until Man dares to think himself one with the one and only power—Mind—he is simply parrying Truth.

All evil will die with the death of fear; all fear will die with the birth of Love.

Abiding in the fact that all disease is traceable to the ignorance of mental and physical laws, or wilfulness on the part of the sufferer, the Mental Scientist steadfastly holds to the realm of cause and effect for the solution and way out of life's ills and dilemmas.

All good and evil has its cause in mind. Like begets like. We, ourselves, create every torment, disease and hell from which we suffer—create them by thinking and acting upon the thoughts that give birth to disease,

torment and hell: fear, hate, deceit, pride, jealousy, envy, resentments and lusts are the "playthings of fate" and the allies of disease and death; love, courage and good cheer vitalize and make for power and peace.

Slowly but surely the student comes to be convinced that there is but one power in the universe—one energy without beginning or end and from which all other seeming powers spring. Men have named it mind, spirit, life—God.

Gradually, with fuller unfoldment, it dawns upon him that the *law* of life—mind or God—is Love. Man's evil propensities are only present when love is absent—not in his heart. So it becomes evident that the law of man is Righteousness since sin destroys him.

The whitherward of human life is ever toward something higher and better.

Christian Science maintains that man is now the image and likeness of God—spiritually pure and perfect. To accept this view of the situation is to ignore the senses and reason; Mental Science declares that man is in process of unfoldment up and unto the image and likeness of God—his highest conception of goodness and power. "*Be ye perfect;*" not ye *are* perfect as the Father, was and still is the mandate.

"Nothing good nor bad is but thinking makes it so."

Every one formulates within himself every experience through which he passes. Accept this version as fact and man becomes *individually responsible*; deny it and

he logically becomes an automaton—a thing played upon by forces exterior to himself.

It is in the nature of things that the character of our thoughts, good or bad, must find expression in our experiences and physical life.

Before the student can progress in spiritual understanding with any degree of satisfaction to himself, there is absolute need of self-knowledge, of knowing himself. (So important it is to "know thyself" that, if this paragraph could be written in letters of fire, it would be done.) To ascertain definitely one's natural tendencies, both for good and for evil, is essential before one can intelligently correct faults and strengthen virtues.

Who, not understanding self, could by any possibility trace his unhappy experiences to any source other than someone or something outside of self?

Not until one has acquired the power to quickly turn his mind from one thought to another has he achieved self-control.

We have been told and, furthermore, have proven that the realization of prayer is not born of humble supplication, but is the result of that spiritual development and quality of mind which, of itself, creates or attracts into his life the thing desired. Faith, perfect faith, is a state of conviction devoid of all doubt.

One simple phase of reasoning that leads to the conclusion that man is, himself, creative is that if God



were a power outside of ourselves, and to whom we appealed to grant the longings of our hearts, could it be necessary to have faith in that power to receive the answer? Would any loving father among men exact from his children a specific faith in him and insist that he be supplicated ere he granted their longings?

With time, study and test the beginner comes into a growing consciousness of the *power of his own thought* and that, by persistently holding to any live desire, he will, sooner or later, realize fulfilment of his longings.

But *how* does he realize? Is it by grant of a power external to himself, or, through the creative force of his own mind? Does he *think* into existence the desires of his heart, or are his supplications granted by a source exterior to himself; is it true that thought is creative or are we merely recipients?

After further experience and some mental turmoil, he awakens serene in the faith that he and the Great Spirit are one and that every limitation put upon him is self-inflicted. He concludes that man is what he is because he has thought himself up or down to what he is.

One of the great weaknesses of man is his tendency to lean. Rather than seek for and find within himself the power to overcome his infirmities of body and soul, he, in an idolatry of darkness, prostrates himself in the dust at the feet of an impossible Allah—the God of a guess. He is ready to believe in anything and every-

thing but himself. And yet only through the God—the mind—in himself can he realize peace and power. His own longing to be freed of suffering and incumbrance, will of itself lead him to that which will free him. The thing *not to do* is to despair. "Seek and ye shall find." In whomsoever servile worshipfulness is greatest, enlightenment is least.

Just as soon as the student can bring himself to realize that all disease has its origin in wrong thinking, and that to overcome disease means, first, to find in himself the *cause* of his difficulty, and then turn deliberately from the error to thoughts of life-giving good, just so soon is he on the way to freedom. When he can *confidently believe that his own thought*, directed toward realizing the perfect health of any diseased organ, is equal to realizing health in that organ, then he may be assured of realization.

We have, more weakly than wisely, accepted that abomination of belief, that God punishes the sinner. Because a child puts his hand in the flame, would you say that God punished it by reason thereof? No. Ignorance is its own executioner; our one great need is to be delivered out of darkness.

The lungs are weak or tubercular. What's to be done? Think first of the function of the lungs, their air-breathing and respiratory offices. Think of their action taking place normally and healthfully. Picture in mind the perfect action of the lungs whenever the

spirit moves you to so think. Think and continue to think of the lungs up to your highest sense of perfect health until normal action is so fully expressed in these organs as to cause you to forget about them. Nothing can defeat your successful realization but yourself. Failure is possible only where lack of confidence and fear creep in. In this case, it is advisable that the sufferer give himself to the care of an experienced healer. He is not yet freed.

As with the lungs, so with the heart, or any other organ. Look within your mind for the cause, and end it by refusing to let it be part of you; then *think* the organ into health. Quickness or slowness of recovery will be regulated solely by the degree of one's faith or confidence in the power of his own thought to heal himself. You can do what you *think* you can do. You will think to do bigger things when you cultivate *desire* to do bigger things.

The course pursued by one in healing himself is often more quickly efficacious in healing another. The reason for this is that the beginner's fears for himself are likely to be more alive than his fears for another. Accumulating proof of the power of health-giving thought to heal has the effect of eventually dismissing all doubt and uncertainty from the mind of the healer.

We arrive at our judgments all-too-quickly, because we have not been schooled to look for the causes underlying apparent facts:

One eats of food said to be indigestible, and suffers in consequence. "There, didn't I tell you!" cries another. "Didn't I warn you not to eat cucumbers?" No matter what he eats, if the consequences are ill, the food is sure to be blamed.

Such judgment is expressed in full assurance of its truth, and still the fact is that the opinion is mere hearsay, and for the very good reason that no heed was taken of the sufferer's state of mind at the time he ate.

To eat in a perturbed state of mind is to make normal digestion impossible. To eat—no matter what food—with any lurking fears that the stomach will not digest it is to prove that the food will not be digested. The fact is that the stomach never digests anything. All food is digested *in* the stomach, not *by* it. Mind must be seen as the digestive power, for the reason that when the mind is disturbed, the food does not digest. Our experiences are always in exact keeping with our positive thoughts. Fear is the *cause*; not the food.

Anyone freeing himself of fear may eat whatever he desires, with impunity, providing that he does not over-eat.

Health and most of years belong to those with least of fears.

Unless buoyed up by perfect confidence (not conceit) in his understanding of how to work, the student

should never attempt to heal any ailment other than the minor ills.

If the cause of a patient's illness shows no other form of sin than fear (whatever works for evil is sin, and be assured of this, that fear has no rival as a means of making for sickness, accident and death) then seldom or never is it necessary to hold any thought over the sufferer but love. "Perfect love casteth out fear." Love is the great soothing and healing balm.

Many books, accessible to the student, have been written upon spiritual power and how to heal, most of which enter largely into detail, (conspicuous here by its absence, and for the reason that all the little roadways of detail can but lead to the central points of fact, that man is spiritual, that the law of spirit is Love, and that through Love we may overcome all evil.)

A common and fatal mistake is that of expecting the reading of spiritual science to effect personal reformation. Spiritual science can do no more than to explain the good reasons for overcoming evil and to point the way. After that everything depends upon yourself.

He who is ready to cut loose from his moorings to self and slip away into the living waters of spirit, through an intelligent study and practice of the simple lesson herein set forth, will find the longed-for realm of health and peace.

All movement upward is slowly progressive. We beguile ourselves for long into believing we have the spirit of truth or understanding while manifesting nothing more than the letter. We get the letter of spiritual philosophy, and wear it as we wear our clothing—all on the outside.

The letter of spiritual truth—all truth rests upon spirit—is a pitfall which few escape. When we are assured that by love only can we fulfil the law, the task is then, not merely one of dwelling upon love, but of beginning to act love and forthwith. Let your heart go out first to those against whom you have been embittered, knowing that whatever wrong was done you, no other course of conduct was possible to the offender at the time: we cannot be more than our degree of development permits us to be. Hold faithfully to kindness for all even under the hurts of rebuff. We prove our faiths only as we *live* them. The accomplishment of anything is attained through persistent practice, not by merely dreaming of it.

Do not be led by the promptings of self, which whisper to the soul "wait." There can never be a time quite so opportune nor so essential to act as *now*. With sufficient desire, no degree of self-mastery is beyond one; no height of power and character so great but that one may realize it.

The tendency to urge and convert other lambs into the fold of spiritual truth is another mistake of the

beginner. It is so much easier to try and adjust another than it is to strive for one's self. Whoever is over-eager to sway another is himself not yet convinced.

Everything has its birth in *desire*.

All desire is in answer to need.

Knowing what to desire and what *not* to desire is the beginning of self-understanding.

If our desires are evil, we need the consequences of evil to prove to us that right-living is the true need.

Self-knowledge is the first need and the great need.

Self-knowledge, with an understanding of mind science, or the laws of our being, is knowledge sufficient to establish continued health and to realize material success minus the hardships usually attendant.

The premises and claims of spiritual philosophy are so radical and so impossible of immediate acceptance that the average mind doubts that its advocates truly mean what they say; hence the mistake of argument and pressure where light is not personally sought. Living and expressing the law of love in our daily lives will do more in one day to awaken others than many days of preaching and protest. In all this world of man and mystery, nothing is more zealously contended for than the accepted opinions and beliefs of the many, however fossilized.

Since every positive thought we think impresses itself on the sub-conscious mind, only to be re-expressed by the conscious mind, too great care and watchfulness

of our thoughts cannot be taken. Time and again the student, after fervently declaring that he will never again do this or that, is shocked and disappointed at finding himself soon after doing that against which he had declared. He simply failed to see that to avow, "I will lie no more," for example, was impressing on the sub-conscious mind deceit, the very thing of which he wished to be freed. We become truthful only by thinking and practising truthfulness, not by filling the mind with ignoble thoughts, and then arraying ourselves against them.

"None but the pure in heart shall know God." Knowing God is knowing God in one's self—a result of self-purification. "Who hath seen me hath seen the Father."

However far afield the world has strayed from the teachings of the Christ, it has felt instinctively, and in a measure clung to him as the greater explanation.

The planes of spiritual growth are as the rungs of a ladder. With the first step upward we are just that far removed from the millions who yet stolidly stand upon materiality. With every step upward, the gap widens and, yet, we are nearer the great world of humanity than ever before; farther removed in point of vision and mutual interests, yet nearer to them by reason of sympathy and love borne upon us with the broadened vision of man's possibilities through a knowledge of the laws of his being.



One who thinks that the way upward is without difficulties will be disappointed. No greater task may ever be given any life. Men who have led armies to victory have themselves been led on a run to hell because of their vices. Every step of the way is one of effort, and no advance is attained but through toil of soul and with bleeding feet; yet every step higher is, and must be, one of corresponding gain, else who would move on. All spiritual advancement must be earned, each step in its successive order. We have to be fit to go ahead before we may leave the occupied round.

We cannot move faster than our *desires* impel us to move. He who would be more and do more must nourish and quicken desire.

With self-understanding, the student comes to quickly apprehend the traits, good and bad, in those with whom he comes in contact. Aside from the differences in talent and culture, men are much alike.

He notes (somewhat poignantly) that everybody, which of course includes himself, is a fool in one or more respects; and those who were once his gods—who did the things that seemed so big to him, and of whom he stood somewhat in awe—dwarf before his new-seeing eyes to lesser proportions. We stand in awe only of that which we do not understand.

When the student has reached that status where he is regarded, by those out of mental touch with him, as

holding to "peculiar ideas," by which is meant delusions, then he may take heart and know that he is moving on—that his real delusions are beginning to pass away.

Assured that the world has reached but a primary point in its development, he ceases to look for, much less expect, perfection in anyone; he sees both the strength of the weak and the weaknesses of the strong and their inconsistencies; that those who most detest the evils in others are themselves most prone to evil; that those most quick to resent offense are quickest to give it; that the disposition to criticize others springs from a desire to assuage one's own deficiencies; that no man is ever loved because of his gifts, no matter how unusual, nor for his ability to achieve position and riches, however great; but for the wealth of his heart and soul; the fearlessness to be just; the unselfishness to be patient and forgiving; the strength to supplant pride with compassion; the firm poise that stands for principle and an abiding faith in the ideal.

He gathers in passing that it is given to no man to swell his bosom in pride without forcing his brow into the background; he observes that each life, according to its development, argues and contends for that condition of affairs in which he is best fitted to thrive; that men continue to deceive themselves and others only up to the point of awakening to the fact that deceit is unprofitable, materially and spiritually;

that the good we are born to is seldom appreciated. Things take on value in degree as we have to strive for them. Overcoming weaknesses within and obstacles without makes the "Kingdom of Heaven" mean something. More joyous than being born right is the making of one's self right. He who has much to overcome has much to live for.

He comes to accept finally that version of life, so difficult of acceptance, that all is well. All is a matter of development and fitness. In the processes of unfoldment we are denied only the things which we would have been the worse for having.

Only yesterday he passed on the street a man with chin lowered to his chest, his gaze on the pavement, and yet seeing nothing. No, the man was not blind; his was simply a defect of inner vision. He was buried in himself and, therefore, could not see outside of himself. Poor? Sure! Of course he's poor—poor in spirit and perspective, and so, poor in purse. The man is miserable because he does not see that he does not see. The sunlight mocks him; only the shadows are his friends.

Life offers him nothing, he says. He's mistaken. Life offers him exactly what it offers every other man and woman alive—opportunity. No one gets more; no one should need more. The privilege is a glorious one: to use what strength of soul we have to generate more strength; to dream and to build, knowing that

the joy of striving is greater than that of achieving. The opportunity is a privilege—a glorious one.

That man is chained, soul and body, to old, dungeon-born beliefs. He thinks that the cause of his failures is outside of himself. Wrong again. He is mentally lazy. His experiences will change only as his thoughts change toward the world and himself. He can change his thoughts when he chooses. Then will he see life as a privilege, as something blessed instead of blasted.

To think that God is an entity separate from ourselves, and that He thinks for us the thoughts we think, compels the logic that we are mere automatons, therefore, totally irresponsible.

All is Mind. Mind creates all, and in degree as man awakens into his oneness with mind, his manifestation of creative power will grow greater and greater.

Yes, *we* think the thoughts we think, and, moreover, are individually responsible for them :

A mother and father, filled with fear and dread, and benumbed with the terrible belief that suffering and death are the will of God, hover in terror over their sick child, all unconscious of the fact that the *fear of death is the cause of death*. If they knew—if they *only knew!* So potent are fear-thoughts to destroy, that it frequently happens that people die instantaneously of fright.

To think Good is to realize Good ; to think fearfully is to call into experience that which we fear.

We have to think Good to realize Good, just as we have to think evil to call it into expression.

Fear is man's only enemy.

Words take on new meanings: where once the student clothed hope in the raiment of royalty, lo, hope wears the rags of impotence and beggary. He ceases to hope to be strong; he *determines* to be strong. Hope has no place nor use in a growing life.

"Faith," which he may have once resolved to a meaningless phantasy of mind, the only function of which was to establish beliefs in impossibilities, comes to be the strongest word in his language. Without faith in good no good can be realized; without faith that within one's self is the power to realize the needs of one's life, no need is supplied.

"Sweet resignation." How, in his child-mind days, it soothed and lulled him! And now, to be resigned to what we are is to make a god of paralysis and to deny what we may be. Those who determine to *do*, do not fail. We are victors or vanquished in degree as we are resigned, or rise above resignation.

He concludes that the church plane of spirituality is the sincerest form of infidelity: words, words, words, patter eternal, churchly forms, hymns and swelling organ notes, lighted tapers and solemn injunctions, all keyed to appeal to the emotions; but nothing for the soul hungering and thirsting.

Doing unto others had not its origin in emotion, but was born in answer to the sternest needs of our lives. Until we find God within ourselves we continue as mere pew-holders bowed to—we know not what; and narrowed to a mental state wherein a swear word is more offensive to the ears than is the brutal and horrifying recital of an execution.

If Jesus came with truth it can be known as truth only as it is *lived*. “Ye shall love one another”—and the time is *now*. Whatever glories lie beyond the hills cannot be seen from the valleys. Up world, up and unto your own!

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After the foregoing essay by Dr. Wing appeared the following:

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## FUNDAMENTALS.

**WE** BELIEVE in the scriptural word that God is spirit, manifested in man as mind and life.

We believe that mind is *one* and is all and in all, and that the law of mind expressed in man is love. In him—spirit, mind, life—we have our being. God, as all and in all, precludes the idea of personality.

We believe that all evil has its birth in the mind of man and could not have been born but for his misinterpretation of the truth of himself; he, though being

ever one with God, has erroneously seen himself as a thing separate, born to suffer and to be at an end, instead of realizing himself a being of expanding power, a God in the chrysalis—a soul of forever and maker of his own destiny.

We believe that evil can exist only as long as man is content to remain in darkness and pay the excessive price thereof.

We believe that not until man realizes his oneness with the Great Spirit, can he either know or be himself.

We believe, since man necessarily co-exists with God, that the utter annihilation of one soul must also mean the dissolution of just that much of God. Who can believe otherwise?

We believe in no fates or devils other than the consequences of folly and the satanic effects of unintelligent selfishness.

We believe that every experience holds within it a meaning, and is intended to show us the right or wrong of the act that led to the experience. To awaken to this truth is one of the great needs.

We *know* that worshipful piety is neither an evidence of spirituality, right-living nor of sincerity. Right-living begins with the abandonment of self-guidance to the dictates of principle. Zealous piety is no more a manifestation of spirituality than is delicate corporeality. We manifest spirituality in degree as we hunger for and

express understanding of life—mind—and its laws. The mind that comprehends material laws is the same mind that cognizes spiritual meanings. Diverting the mind from material things to things of spirit is the one needed effort.

We believe in no heaven, of which, the populace is a winged seraphic throng, but in a heaven on earth made by the creative powers, the courage, the love of the true and beautiful, and the simplicity and sweetness of honest human hearts and souls—a kingdom of brotherhood, wherein is neither king nor queen; but in which all are kings and queens, of one common nobility—nobility of soul; a paradise which we may, some day, learn how to leave and re-visit at will.

Finally, we make no pretense to blazing paths into new worlds; we are truth seekers, pure and simple and believe that our opinions comport with and conform to the truth of the Nazarene's teachings. We have no creed; all sects tend to circumscribe.

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## AFTER-THOUGHTS.

Brainstorms prove nothing but the absence of brains.

Every form of actual sacrifice is a form of actual un-righteousness.

Trouble is only trouble when its lesson is lost on the troubled one.



The biggest burden that man has ever borne or will ever bear is the burden of *self*.

Know this: We are fearful of new ideas only when we are doubtful of the Truth of our own.

We *feel* that a thing is true until we *see* that it is true. Feeling is Truth groping its way through the senses to the soul.

People who vulgarly speak of other people as "lobsters," flatter them: *The lobster has the power and will to re-create a dismembered claw.*

The only true denial of evil lies in turning wholly away from the thing we should not think, wholly to that which we should think.

Truth has never been realized as a whole. It comes as a little light here and a little light there; and to none does it come but those who seek it.

"And to think I was so good and yet——!"

Our burdens come upon us, not because of the good we do, but because of the good we fail to do.

The critics of modern spiritual science have not excoriated it because of its being unchristian, but because of not tallying with their own brand of christianity.

Hell is a bonfire in the soul set aflame by the fires of fear and hate. Like all other fires it will die down unless fed. Hell has one virtue: It has been known to burn out self.

That Jesus raised the dead is no greater a draft on credulity today than it would have been for the people of one hundred years ago to believe that wireless telegraphy was possible.

Every being is potentially perfect. No one life is wholly good, none wholly bad. The instant that one became wholly bad that instant would mean his disintegration. The instant that one became wholly perfect, limitation of power would be at end.

Think of an aspiring follower of the Christ locking his heart and soul against those who put faith in Catholicism, or any other phase of faith not accepted by him—and then wondering why the ill-will thus engendered should re-act upon himself.

A good father, say at forty-five years of age, has a son who is a "rake." Other good men sympathize with him and wonder why "such a good man" should be burdened with "that devil of a boy." "It's too bad! There's no telling what trick nature will cut up next!" An inquiry into the "good father's" life before the boy came into the world would have explained the situation.

*Self* is among the last things we discover. Detect in someone one or more harmful traits; refer to them without direct inference to the one in whom they were noted, and he will reply blandly: "Why, yes; I have seen those very failings in quite a number of my friends!" Mention these faults as being in *him*, and his indignation\* rises in torrid leaps. Only the accusation that is true hurts.

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\*Indignation is the result of mental indigestion.

There are those who refer to divine principle as if it were something that follows us around to keep us from going wrong. "Be sure," they say, "that divine principle will guide you in all things." When? When will divine principle guide us? When we understand and guide ourselves by principle, not before. Being guided by principle is wholly the result of self-cleansing.

The mind surrounds and comprehends only that in which it is *interested*. One mind, inclining naturally to material interests, absorbs itself therein at the expense of a knowledge of the laws of mind; another mind, devoted to spiritual study, necessarily forfeits an acquaintance with material laws. Both are inclined to put a premium on the values of his respective interests. Both are mistaken. The rightly-adjusted man neither over-estimates the values of his own fields of interest, nor under-estimates those of another.

Among the many who enter this life most grievously deprived, the man without humor may fairly be said to head the casualty list. Humor is the staunchest friend of Truth. We are ridiculous only by reason of failing to say or do the right thing. Humor riddles the ridiculous because the ridiculous is that which is so far from the right thing. Humor proves its relationship with Truth in that it aims directly at the ridiculous, not in rancor, but in the quiet, effective smile. The spectral fingers of time write their funniest lines on the faces of the serious.

## CHAPTER XII.

**T**O avoid the eyes of the curious, the Wyman car and its burden was stopped at the rear entrance to the Home. With the summoning of attendants to carry the wounded man to a room, among the first to appear on the scene was Sadie Curtin.

"O-h, my! Oh my! Isn't it turrible awful! An' the handsomeness of 'im!" With this ejected, Sadie, in a tone distinctly charged with more doubt than certainty, declared:

"Honest, I don't think I'd care to be murdurd! I suppose now, accordian to the Doctor, the poor man isn't hurted at all—he just had a bad dream or sumthin'. If Father Dazey knew I were at this place he'd have a fever!"

Anon, Napoleon Odin, under the care of Dr. Brant, an assistant to Dr. Wing, and Alicia Wyman, found himself in good hands.

. . . . .

Two weeks have passed, with Chester Waugh still in evidence at Harbor Home.

Did he become a convert to the Wing way? Bless your heart, no!

And yet, his visit to the Harbor was not wholly in vain.

Something happened. It all came about so unexpectedly and from such an unlooked-for quarter.

When Flynn, the foreman of the repair gang, the man who was left on the roof of the smithy's shop—with the disappearance of the drunken Italian laborers—got himself down to earth, he made a pell mell bee-line for home, to be doctored up. Joe Flynn told his mother, a bent, withered and almost sightless old woman, the story of his escape from being killed through the defense of the blacksmith, whereupon the old lady mused and muttered much and long, before she said:

"I tuk care of that bye whin he were a baby wid his sick mother before she died. Poor thing! Then the Odins got 'im."

That night, while Flynn lay asleep, the aged woman felt her way to the stairway of the little attic of her home, groped and crawled slowly up in the darkness to a corner, till her hands felt the contact of a small trunk as ancient and decrepit as herself. Eagerly she rummaged over its contents till her palsied hands felt and bore away a packet.

The morning following, the mother of the foreman put the packet in his care.

"'Tis the picter of that bye's mother wid letters of her. See that he get thim," she enjoined.

In the afternoon the packet was delivered by no less a personage than Dollar Bill Conroy into the hands of the blacksmith. Waugh was at the bedside of the young giant when Conroy entered.

The outcome of an inquiry into its contents had a startling effect upon Chester Waugh. The mother of the blacksmith was his sister — once Janet Waugh. The true name of Nap Odin was Philip Lee.

From the first moment of meeting with the young blacksmith Chester Waugh was attracted to him; with the second meeting an attachment was born. And now with the surety of kinship between them, the merchant's joy was considerable. The debt he owed his dead sister could now be paid to the living son.



## CHAPTER XIII.

**I**T seems all so kind of strange that I, just a common blacksmith, should appreciate the same things that you do. I like the thoughts you think, the books you read and the ideals you have. I like to think that I am something besides a creature of blind chance, and to believe that I may be more than I am. Sometimes I even dare to think that I can and may yet make myself all that I'd like to be. And then again, I kind of feel, like I do now, that those Italians did me up and that I'm living in another world—it's all such a new life to me." Thus spoke the young blacksmith, now fully recovered, to Alicia Wyman, he and she slowly wending their way back from a tramp over Harbor Hills.

"The only strange thing to me is that it is at all strange to you," answered Alicia. "In the first place, you are not a common blacksmith. A common blacksmith or a common anybody lives in and is satisfied with a material world and with wholly material joys, such as you could never be satisfied with. If you could have been thus contented, you would have remained a blacksmith at Torrville."



"Ah, but I doubted that I could be anything else," affirmed Lee.

"Yes, you doubted and still your yearnings to be and do something bigger were greater than your doubts or else the experiences that led to your coming here would never have occurred," Alicia insisted.

"I had to be nearly killed to get here, didn't I?" he said laughingly, and proceeded:

"I want to tell you something: Since I've listened to you talk it has come to me that if I had gone out to those workmen in the way that you tell, with kindness in my heart and a manly appeal to their better side, I honestly believe that I could have pacified them, drunk as they were."

"I know that you could have," affirmed Alicia. "None are so susceptible to love as those who get so little of it. Now tell me," she said, "what would you like to do?"

Without hesitation Lee answered:

"I should like to feel that I could not only make myself what I would like to be, but also to have strength enough left to help others to be more. I don't like to think that my limits are confined to myself."

. "Dr. Wing's word is this, 'Before we can be truly helpful to our fellow beings, we must first make ourselves all that we would have them be.' This you will do.

"For me the task is a big one. I have so much to amend. Every day I see it more clearly. My ability to grasp the letter of truth exceeds my power to live it by many, many times; you are naturally noble and will not suffer the lapses from grace that I have. With me there is the need of constant and long schooling; I find in myself a willingness to gather but not to let go. You will go straight to the mark of true character building. I shall expect much of you."

The several notes of self-castigation in Alicia's speech moved Lee to say :

"Your money is doing much for this institution!"

"My money! Heavens! I would simply frizzle up and die if I thought that all I am good for is to play the part of a bulging young wallet! No; I, too, want to help. I, too, want to do things—to heal suffering, to say the word that shall mean new life and strength to the discouraged, in short, to be like Doctor Wing." With this expressed, Alicia brightened and said vigorously, "And I shall! I shall yet be all that I wish to be!"

"If you will not be offended at my frankness, I must say that part of your speech sounds mighty queer to me: Why it should be difficult to follow the only pathway to peace, is too much for a plain fellow like me to see through," said Lee, grievously puzzled, yet holding to tones of apology.

"I expected you to say that. You think that it should not be difficult for me to follow truth for the reason that you feel sure that it will not be difficult for you. You forget our personal differences: From childhood I was taught to feel myself superior to and keep aloof from those beneath me in wealth and social station, and to shun as a serpent the sinner. My teachers were wiser—so very much wiser—than he who said, 'Ye shall love one another,' and I didn't know that they didn't know."

There was something of sting in Alicia's speech with the last comment; and then deliberately moderating her tones to softness, she proceeded:

"Most naturally that which was sown in my soul grew and thrived: Pride with its multitude of big and little vanities completely enthralled me. I had little or no real love for anybody or anything. One impulse that never was at rest was that of seeing the flaws in others, but never in myself.

"I never was truly happy; a new acquaintance, a new bauble, or a new something varied the monotony of today, while tomorrow held nothing for me but disenchantment and satiety.

"I lived in the bottomless blunder of expecting to find lasting happiness in things. I never dreamed that this was impossible; not until I was taken ill and Doctor Wing arrived on the scene.

"I am not complaining of my burdens, for I have come to believe that the greater the burden of one's error the greater the joy born with its release. And still, I must say that, had I a choice, I would rather have been born poor as the stones of the fields, with love in my heart, than to have had the wealth of a thousand Maharajahs, without it."

Together they moved on in silence. Nearing Harbor Home, Lee discerned Mr. Waugh moving restlessly about and apparently as self-absorbed as was his wont.

"Mr. Waugh," said he, "wishes me to go to New York with him and take up his work. His heart seems to be set on it. I don't know what to do. The business life makes no appeal to me, still, it hurts me to hurt him. I had hoped to stay here. I think I can be useful and I'm sure I would be happy in the work."

There was a manly wistfulness in the speech of Lee that roused all the positiveness of Alicia's character.

"I shall see Mr. Waugh and explain. He cannot object when he understands. He will not dare dissent. He shall know that it is for my sake as well as yours. You are going to stay; I—I do not want you to go," said Alicia tremulously and softly.

With this expressed, a new world awoke and looked out of the eyes of Alicia Wyman, a new exhilaration in the breast of Philip Lee, and a strange, ecstatic tremor was in his hands with the pressure of hers. He was

nobody's fool, this stalwart young worthy. He knew that whatever was in Alicia Wyman's eyes was also in her heart.

. . . . .

Late in October, when the hills were ablaze with the colourous glory of Autumn, Alicia went to Torrville to meet Olivia Reade who was on her way to the Harbor. Olivia had left in July, to take up the work of rehearsals.

"Doesn't it beat the dickens how things come about!" exclaimed Olivia, after greetings. "You never once hinted it! And I never even dreamed of such a thing! But you haven't got so much the start of me, Miss Smarty, or rather, Mrs. Philip Lee, after all——"

"I still call him 'Nap,'" said Alicia, fondly, disregarding all but Olivia's last words.

"I was about to request that you, Mrs. Philip Lee, embrace your friend Mrs. Tulley White, to be. Tulley and I are to be married at twelve o'clock, just at the moment the New Year comes in, in sixty-eight days and——"

Here Olivia studied the station clock and after due calculation, said,—"and nine hours from now!"

"Actually, Alicia, I'm watching every hour!" she cried, joyously.

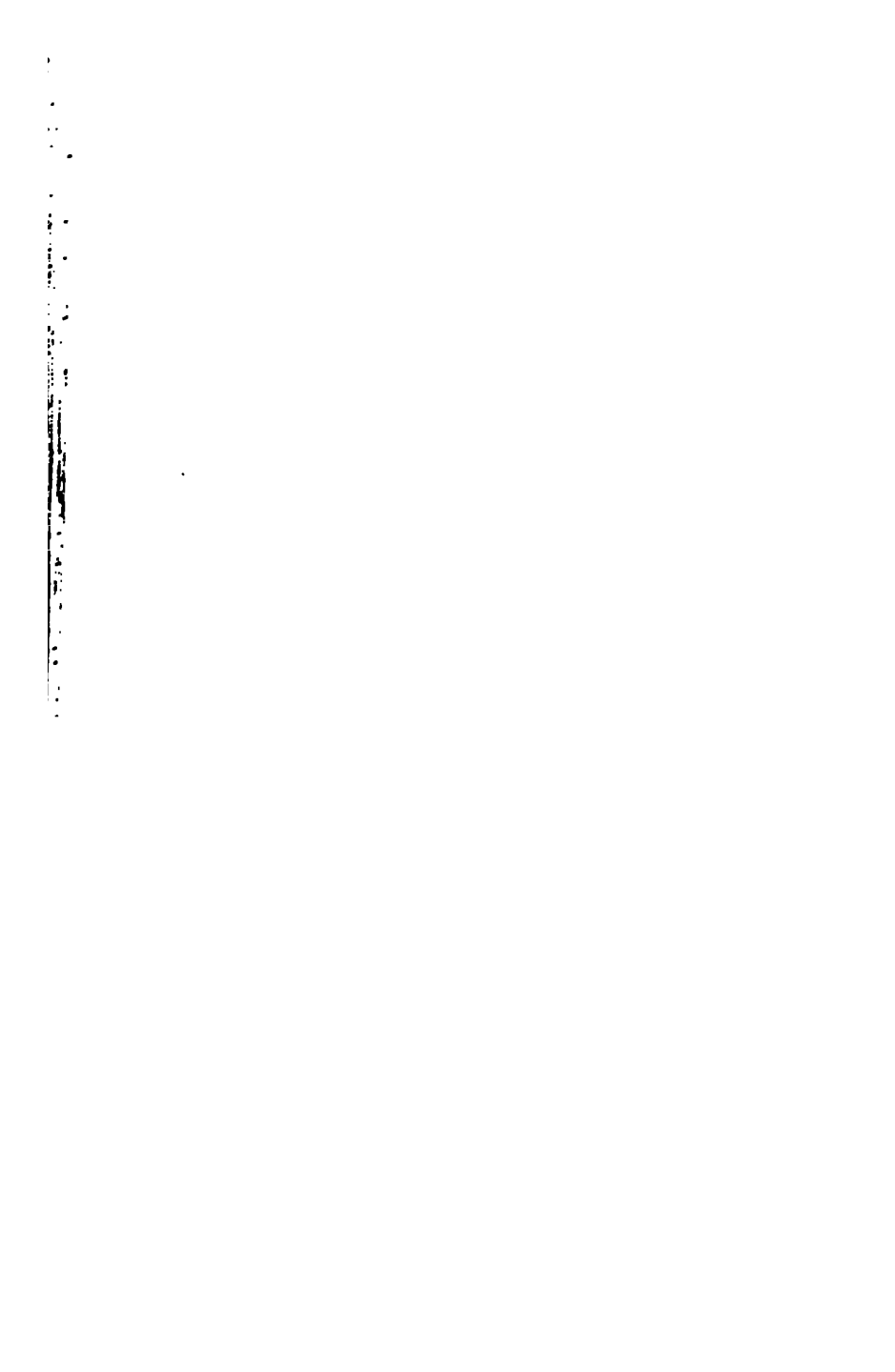
The embrace was the invariable one of womanly joy expressed in tears.

. . . . .

That evening, in Dr. Wing's study, in the midst of a conversation between the Doctor, Olivia, Philip and Alicia Lee, Olivia suddenly recalled a message given her :

"Oh," she cried, "I have something to tell you! Who do you think called upon me at the hotel, yesterday? None but our amiable friend Mr. Waugh! He tried his best to convince me that we were all charlatans up here. Just as he was going, he called out in a shockingly loud voice, 'You tell Miss Mephisto for me, that I could forgive her for her insults, but for her theft, never!' Now, tell me, who in the world is Miss Mephisto and what did she confiscate?"

"I think that I know very well the villainous person to whom he referred. She certainly is a desperate character! But, I will say this for her, I never knew her to take anything that she could possibly get along without!" said Alicia, turning her eyes lovingly upon the man at her side.



## CHAPTER XIV.

**I**N June of the Summer following, Justus Carstairs went to Halcyon Harbor, not as an invalid, but ostensibly for rest and recreation. On arrival he was met by Philip Lee.

Some little time later, after a stroll over the front grounds, the two men came upon Dr. Wing seated alone under an arbor near the lagoon, absorbed in a book.

Well! Well! Dr. Wing—you, of all men—idling! I never suspected it!" cried Carstairs, advancing upon the Doctor and seizing his hand warmly. "But, since this is the first offense—the first time I ever caught you at it—I shall demand no other penalty than an explanation!"

"I am glad to see you, Justus, very glad. I need not ask about your health; your face is the answer."

A new and peculiar apathy in the Doctor's voice aroused Carstairs' curiosity and solicitude. He waited for some moments before asking:

"Anything wrong?"

Dr. Wing smiled gently. "I suppose that Philip has already told you what has occurred since you left here; something of a change in affairs."



"Why no;" answered Carstairs, looking up quizzically at Lee. "Philip made no reference to any change."

"No; that's true," merely answered Lee.

"My associates have taken the matter to heart more than I have. But it will come out all right," asserted the Doctor.

Carstairs waited just as long as his bestirred feelings would permit him, and then said smilingly:

"You know me: I'm the original Mister B. Curious. And if I don't get the facts, and soon, there'll be another patient on your hands."

"I doubt that the story will interest you, but since you have asked for it, here it is: Early in May a lady afflicted with a malady of dire nature came to us for treatment. Her disease was of the so-called incurable kind and of such menace as to test the sturdiest of faiths. No man of medicine could offer the slightest hope for her recovery. I was first to take up the case, after which all our forces were brought to bear. Despite this the patient showed no signs of improvement. At her request I wired for a Christian Science practitioner, a man named Hallen.

"To our amazement, I may even say, our utter chagrin, the patient responded at once to Hallen's treatment. She showed steady and consistent improvement and is now in excellent health."

At the moment of cessation, Carstairs said, "Well, what of it; what does it prove? I stand as a living

example of the efficacy of your work. What more could be asked on the score of proof? And at that I was probably in as bad a way as the lady to whom you refer."

"It is possible that your case proves no more than may the experiences I have just cited—our limitations. Understand," continued the Doctor, noting the sudden droop to Carstairs' mouth, "I have taken no definite stand. I am still thinking things out—re-examining the structure of my own philosophy and making comparisons with the powers and potentialities of other fields of spiritual healing.

"My first experience with mental healing came when I was a practicing M. D. in Boston. One of my patients, for whom I never had hoped to do more than to ease her way to the grave, was healed in one treatment by a Christian Scientist.

"I then began a study of the work, 'Science and Health,' and finally concluded that, if the premise of its teaching were sane, it were surely saner than I. The unreality of matter and disease was simply an impossible proposition, and assumed to my mind the proportions of a stupendous joke. Jesus re-appeared in the same body that was wounded and spear-pierced at the crucifixion.

"Later on I came in touch with a science of mind which was satisfying, and which I have since cherished and championed.

"Just here I recall one question put by me to my Christian Science friends which received no answer. The question was this: If disease disappears through realizing the unreality of disease, why does it not logically follow that the body would also disappear through realizing the unreality of matter?

"True, I was able to heal disease by following the *modus operandi* taught by the cult, but the difficulty lay in my inability to accept their fundamentals as the true explanation of spiritual healing. Others healed mentally without in anywise denying the powers of the senses, and this fact of itself was, to me, proof sufficient that the premise of Christian Science was built upon an audacious guess.

"Since the experience of our recent failure and the palpable success of the Christian Scientist, this thought has been frequently in my mind: Spiritual interpretation—or the deeper, truer seeing—of biblical meanings compels the recognition that man is one and eternal with the Great Cause, and that the Great Cause made all things good. Man, it is scripturally declared, is His image and likeness. Therefore, he who accepts as truth the scriptural word that man is the expression of a God of love, must of necessity find his way out of the dilemma of obviously sinning man.

"Among the several hundred religious sects none has seriously attempted to meet the problem but Christian Science.

"You and I are agreed that God cannot be intelligently considered in any light other than that of all power and perfection. No other kind of a God would suffice us; and yet we have ever held to the evidences of our senses that man is manifestly a creature of sin, sickness and disease and we have most readily found adequate explanation therefor in the realm of cause and effect. Sin and disease we are convinced are one and the same; and that nothing happens without cause we are equally assured; and yet it should be realized that our conclusions were born of sense evidence. Eyes see and ears hear and to their testimony it is quite possible that we have been ridiculously acquiescent.

"Soul it is, not sense, that uncovers, discovers and *knows*. All truth has ever been spiritually discerned. And since this is commonly accepted among modern students of mind, why then have we been so ready to accede so much to the senses?

"Had Copernicus and Galileo been content to accept the evidences of the senses, this earth might have remained flat, in opinion, indefinitely.

"I speak with no other motive than that of impartiality. With myself I have been well pleased, and belief in my own power to judge and determine the truth of things has been quite sufficient. I have rarely questioned the security of my premise. Because of this, I am, naturally loth to let go. If a change is to come, it can only come because more and greater

light has come. The candle did very well till the arc-light shone.

"Where my present uncertainty of mind may lead me I do not know. I am now quite assured of this fact: The healer who works with full faith and conviction that God is all, and that sin and disease have no truth in them, has an immeasurable advantage over you and I who heal by mental suggestion. In assuming that man is what he seems to be—a thing of sin and suffering, this judgment has borne, I think, more heavily upon us than we have realized.

"To clear the way of all contention of the senses and leave it free to spirit, seems to me to be like the difference between one who climbs a height with burden on his shoulders and one who makes the ascent wholly unencumbered—"

"Just a minute; let me speak!" broke in Carstairs. "I have been playing the Aye-Aye-Your-Highness role all along; now I propose to be heard instead of merely being seen. I've been studying and thinking hard for a year, and have some definite ideas on the subject; I'm beginning to suspect that you, Doctor Wing, are strictly a calm-sea sailor. I suspect that you are actually sea-sick now. One more little squall and you'll forsake the ship! In other words, because someone has done a thing that you failed to do, you feel that it proves the fault of your philosophy. Instead of looking for the fault in yourself, you lay it on the nearest

door-step. You're disappointed! and 'All disappointment is disappointment with self.'

"I am willing to lay down all that I have on this: If you had looked at the experience calmly and thoughtfully you would have been assured that Hallen's success was due to faith in his principle, and your failure, to lack of faith in your principle! With the first showing that your work was not effective you got frightened, and so, of course, did your under-studies who took up the work after you.

"At this very moment it is possible that someone is being released from disease at the shrine of St. Ann de Beaupre. Through the curative powers of one of St. Ann's bones? No; through his or her *faith* in the curative powers of the sanctified bone!

"What though it be true that the basis of such healing is sheer superstition, the results are the same—are they not? By this very means sufferers are cured more times than not; and furthermore, it is very doubtful that the class of people amenable to such a method of healing, could be aroused to the degree of faith necessary to effecting a cure, by any other remedial method.

"Doctors cure, not with drugs, but by faith in their medicines—coupled with that which above all is most important: the faith of their patients in them and their remedies. Water curists, herbalists, manipulators and the entire curing ilk are sustained, though quite

unconsciously, by the one great principle, faith. In its last analysis all healing is spiritual.

"Take from the great masses of people who are out of all touch with spiritual meanings—take from them the doctor and all other material healers, and what would happen? God only knows!

"And so, Christian Scientists are right, physicians are right, and all the rest of them are right—right in this that each, in his respective field of healing, is helpful to those on a plane of growth natural to and related to the method of healing employed.

"Recently I had to suffer the loss of a very dear, life-long friend. He had known for years before his death that *materia medica* could do nothing for him. I had the same confidence that mental healing was equal to saving him that I have in my ability to wash your hands. I explained the principles of mental healing and implored him to let me send a healer to him. He simply shook his head. He had seen nothing to confirm my statements, and so my words held no meaning for him. I had foolishly hoped that he might rise above the plane that he was on.

"Could Christian Science or Mental Science be of help to anyone in his state of mind?

"Now, Doctor, you know very well that I'm not talking to enlighten you. You've sown in me the seed of all that I have said; I even hear myself using the same language that you use. As soon as I get one

more thing out of my system, I'm through. I ask this: Did Copernicus and Galileo first have visual evidence that this earth is round, such as noting that the top-sails of a ship in the distance are visible after the hull is out of sight—before mind led them to fuller and more convincing evidences, or did they not? Did Newton evolve the theory of gravitation before he saw the apple fall, or did he not? Could a blind man discover a law of any kind? And of all calamities to befall one, which is so terrible as that of losing the sense of sight?

"By this nonsense of Christian Science it seems to me that you have lost one of the most essential of senses—your sense of the ridiculous!"

Dr. Wing smiled. "I still insist, Justus," he said, "that there is something you do not see. Just as there was something your friend who died did not see, there is that which you and I have failed to see.

"The several phases of curing disease to which you refer prove, it is true, that to be cured by material means requires faith in material means, but they also prove that the greater the degree of faith in matter, the less the faith in spirit or truth.

"And so it is also true that the more the spirit is cultivated to see, the less faith there is in matter as a source of cause. It is also well to remember that, since all disease begins in wrong thinking, no material agency



of curing can heal the cause. Such cure is left wholly to spirit.

"The world has ever been growing into greater light and the world, measured by eternity, is yet very young. Whatever yields greater power and helpfulness to humanity must be greater truth than that which it superseded. Whoever manifests higher power manifests it through higher truth. 'All that I do and greater works ye shall do.' Has one yet exemplified the Nazarene's power? Did he mean what he said? Can we think of him saying anything he did not mean or that he did not understand? Until man sees himself as potentially great as Jesus saw him, he has not found himself!

"The purposes of our institution are primarily, to heal the sick and secondly, to educate those who come here to the knowledge of spiritual law as we understand it. To me there is no greater power nor more beneficent work than that of healing the sufferer and showing the way to peace and strength. I have, at present, no aspirations beyond it. I am in the work to stay. And so, whatever appears with fuller promise of power and helpfulness, that I shall embrace."

Dr. Wing ceased. For a little while he closed his eyes, and when he opened them again the old shining-light glowed anew. Looking wistfully into the faces of the men, he said reverently:

"There is something divinely and inexpressibly beautiful in that concept of God and man which

beholds in the universe naught but perfection. By it I am filled and thrilled with a new sense of being; a new elixir is within my veins, and the transient now lengthens into the eternal.

"Under its enchantment I see and hear anew: new meanings and purposes awaken and inspire me. I see man grown unto mastership; self and death conquered; permanent truth established; wind and wave—every force and element swayed to his will; space relinquishing its law, and man making neighbors of the beings of other planets, aye, he is himself a spirit-builder and creator of new worlds, for now he has come into the fulness of his own. No more he speaks of a time of miracles; now, every hour is fraught with miracle.

"Like the sweet, low whisperings of little waters on their way to the sea, I seem to hear the glad murmurings of little children, born and unborn, on their way to a world wherein man is consciously one with the eternal, and with this vision is borne upon me the meaning of the edict, 'Ye shall come as little children.'

"Perhaps I have been overwise in my day and generation; perhaps I have trusted more to sense than I have to soul.

"At this moment the grandeur of the concept holds itself before me and transcends all else; tomorrow, a thousand doubts and questionings may flood upon me and sweep it all away. There is only one course open

to me—to watch and wait; to test all and prove all. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

Carstairs had waited impatiently, eager to make reply: "What you say sounds very pretty and all that, but where and what will it get us? By denying the reality of matter, will that make it possible for you and me to step in front of a locomotive and escape destruction? Has it exempted any one Christian Scientist from feeding his body? Can it add one cubit to our statures? Can it in anywise remove burdens from our shoulders which cannot be otherwise removed? I think not.

"A Christian Scientist is flung upon his back with inflammatory rheumatism. Forthwith he denies the whole situation: 'There is no life, truth, intelligence nor substance in matter.' Where is the moral lesson in this?

"With such denial, how does he get a chance to know *why* he suffers? If we are to deny disease and pain are we not logically forced to deny that disease and pain can have a cause? How can anything that does not exist have a cause?

"Wherein is the incentive to cease breaking mental and physical laws as long as we may be rid of the consequences of sinning by denying the reality of matter? And since pain is simply a consequence of the nature of our thought and action, what better warning than suffering could be devised to show us that we are going wrong? If he has poisoned his blood by over-eating and other excesses, and such is the fact, why not quit

his foolish denials, face the truth, and live and eat sensibly if he has the will to do so.

"The fact of the matter is that their denials have nothing whatever to do with the healing process. Positive and strong health-thought it is that does the work, not mere negatives. You said that there was something I failed to see; now tell me what it is!" said Carstairs, with some showing of doubt.

"I have been reading the bible," quoth the Doctor, musingly, looking down at the open book on his knees, a small, reminiscent smile playing over his features. "I recall," he pursued, "the time when this book might have held an inch of dust, for all the heed and care that I gave it! What changes come with the years! Fifteen years ago, I regarded the bible as the exclusive property of the gullible; today, I am convinced that the great truths of life live within its pages; and that nothing short of a most profound study by the sincerest and ablest seekers of truth can ever reveal its wonderful meanings. As latterly unfolded and accepted the scriptural word is wholly for the thinker.

"Of course you know, Justus, that all of the bible that you and I accept as truth, came to us as a solution of the miraculous power of Jesus—with what power and by what use of that power was he able to do his marvelous works. The entire foundation of our faith and knowledge rests upon the interpretation we have accepted as to what the Christ-power truly means.

"We have acknowledged him as the great authority for the reason that none other has either spoken or wrought so greatly as he: 'I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world.'

"In the reference to your friend who could not be induced to try spiritual healing, you have, perhaps, made apparent the limitations of our field: we have required unity—exacted faith on the part of the sufferer ere our work was efficient.

"Let us ask ourselves: did Jesus demand faith of Lazarus when he raised him from the grave? Was there a response of faith from the sea when he stilled the wave? No; then, plainly the requirement of faith is a conditional affair and proves only our limitations. Evidently there is a reach of soul beyond our scope. To get at the depths of truth we have to go to its heights.

"Has Mental Science a formula, by the observance of which, the dead may be raised? And again, since the spirit of Lazarus was somewhere to be called back into the body, was this not proof that death is a belief and that life is, therefore, eternal?

"With proof, abundant and marvelous, of the healing power of spirit, today and now, surely that which explains the healing power must also explain the higher demonstrations of Jesus. If we are to accept as truth any one of the miraculous manifestations of his power, then all must be accepted. All is true or none is true.

If he did any one of the mighty works, who, in reason, can deny any other achievement credited to him.

"With the feeding of the multitude what was actually accomplished? Was it actual bread and fishes with which they were fed, or, was the multitude, by some strange hypnotic art, made to believe that they were fed, though they were not? Impossible!

"What then is the explanation of Jesus' great secret lest it be answered in this, that all is mind and its infinite manifestation, which means that nothing is nor can be but mind? Mind creates that which, all who are enslaved to sense, discern only as matter.

"I worship neither hero, sage nor prophet, and yet I kneel humbly and reverently at the feet of fairplay. I who have smiled at the vagaries of Christian Science, now uncompromisingly avow that the dismissal of the premise of this doctrine that all is mind, and that this is what Jesus realized, means the denial of Jesus Christ's life and work.

"We have mouthed the teachings of the Master without ever once realizing the tremendousness of their meanings and values; now it is for the world to either acknowledge him as the great explanation, or cease its pretenses of faith.

"The most enslaving chains of our lives are our prejudices. We, who are supposedly truth seekers, have smiled at the uncanny theories of Christian Science, and for no other reason than that we never went deep

enough into its premise to grasp it; we have judged without comprehending; we knew that we did not understand and because of not understanding, we have assumed that it was not to be understood; we mistakenly measured its spiritual depths by the mental shallows of its fledgling followers.

"All is a matter of altitude. Because we have crept a little way up the ladder of spirit we have childishly imagined that Celestia and all truth were ours; we have been prejudiced and self-surrounded, and worse still, have not known it. We are still children, Justus, simply little children who have lost our way because we knew not whither we were bound.

"Among the unthinking, there is still a strong bias toward the belief that the founder of Christian Science evolved her theories wholly out of the stuff of which dreams are made, and that there is no basis of fact in her premise.

"The fact of the matter is that she was the first since the day of Jesus, to unfold to the world, a system of spiritual healing which threw a new light upon man and his powers. She was first to dare attempt a solution of the Nazarene's power to heal and do. She proved the truth of her interpretation of gospel teachings by, herself, healing through the power of mind, or to quote her own premise, through realizing the allness of God.

"Theologians never ventured nearer than the borders of the problem, and since Jesus did not explain, it

remained for a woman to get beyond the barriers. It seems to be the way with very great souls to leave explanations to others.

"Next to the work of Jesus, in its value and importance to the world, was the discovery of the true meanings of the Christ power."

Here the Doctor paused. For some moments he meditated and then abruptly voiced his thought:

"Justus, my friend, I have not been frank with you. At first it seemed best to approach you gradually; now, I will tell all.

"Why was it that nineteen hundred years must pass ere one dared go so far up the heights as to discern the ambient glories of the Christ spirit? I think that I can tell you, Justus:

"Jesus declared, 'I and the Father are one,' and 'Who hath seen me hath seen the Father.' Again he said, 'Yet, the Father is greater than I.' The first declaration was taken to mean just what it seemed to mean—Jesus is God; but, the latter statements were promptly dismissed as contradictory, or, too involved for comprehension. It required a truly discerning mind to close up the seeming gaps.

"The human sense of littleness and sinfulness; and the fear and awe of God weighed too heavily against the concept that God and man are one. Such an idea was unthinkable. It would have been sacrilege equal to blasphemy to so believe.



"We and the rest of the world stand nearly two thousand years away from the day of the Master. We know nothing of his work other than that scripturally recorded, the authenticity of which, faces half a world of opposition. Up to the demonstration of spiritual healing we had nothing but the Word, and the Word had been construed into several hundred different versions by as many different sects."

"One word here—let me speak!" exclaimed Carstairs, "From this new eminence of yours, tell me how you are going to explain away evil. Do you expect, by denying evil, that the world's millions of dullards and sensualists are going to hear your still, small voice and behave?" he asked, with a sardonic smile. "And while you are at it just logically annihilate this grain of dust; never mind the rest of the earth; just put this much of it out of business!" he continued, stooping and gathering a pinch of dirt at his feet.

"From which premise, the old or the new, will I give answer?" returned the Doctor.

For a few moments Carstairs studied the Doctor's face and words and then replied slowly, "Ah, I see. You wish me to acknowledge that there is no explanation from my standpoint. Very well. So be it. Naturally, I shouldn't try anything quite so impossible!"

"Evil can continue only as long as we continue to *think* it into existence. Did it never occur to you, Justus, when we have declared that man is the image and

likeness of God, that our seeing evil in man is somewhat out of true with the original claim? I am contending for this, that the higher planes of spirituality demand a loftier flight than we have ever dared to think.

"And now, of matter." Here the Doctor smiled broadly. "I am smiling," he said, "merely because of this: thirty days ago my weight was six pounds more than it is today. During this time I have not left the premises. Would you mind looking over the grounds with a view to discovering the missing avordupois—There, I saw that you were going to say that it has resolved itself to water, gases, etcetera; and so I save you the effort. All I wish you to acknowledge is that six pounds of *me* are no longer in evidence—no longer something in the realm of the real, the permanent.

"Such an example is, of course, a trivial one. I offer it solely because it is provable to sense; higher proof must be spiritually discovered. The senses are ever in bondage to matter. Spirit knows neither bondage nor limitation. Spiritually, we arrived at the truth that the earth is spherical and revolves in space; whatever part the senses played was nominal until spirit affirmed gravitation.

"Of this I am convinced: The scriptural word that all is spirit is confirmed in the miracles of Jesus. From no other point of view are his mighty works intelligible. His word is this, that spiritual power is realized only through self-purification. It is for us to prove for

ourselves. We cannot see from the top until we arrive at the top. In every instance that we make concessions to matter we fly in the face of truth—all is spirit.

"The Christian Science premise, 'all is spirit,' is scripturally authentic, and yet, is so far in advance of the thought of the age, that, hundreds of years must pass ere it will be generally recognized. Not until this premise is seen to be intelligent can the miraculous works of Jesus be comprehended.

"In its presentation, however, I fail to find sustainment of its central idea—God is all; but even so, until perfection is attained imperfection must persist. A perfected religious philosophy necessitates conceptions born of a perfected spirit. We are what we are because of what we are not.

"The founder of Christian Science brought into the spiritual workshop of the world the separate parts of a mental machine too complex for anyone to put together and make of them a harmoniously-working whole. Her own word was that not one of her followers had ever comprehended her work.

"The great inventor conceives and works his idea into material expression. Rarely, if ever, is the machine complete in its first expression; some factory workman may see its flaws and improve it.

"One is great in accordance with the value of his discovery to mankind. *A very great woman re-discovered*

*spiritual healing.* She will be remembered long and with gratefulness for her discovery, and less and less for her failure to elucidate it.

"The deductions of the author of 'Science and Health' show the tremulous fingers of fear. Despite her efforts to realize the allness of Mind, her God was still *a* God. She conceived God—Mind—in the sense of surrounding us all, but not in the light of being *in* and *one* with us all. The old fetich of fear still held her. Puritanical lineage is most likely responsible for it. At times she defined her God as 'Good,' thus confusing the law of Mind with Mind itself.

"She saw the man Jesus separate from the principles for which he stood. What was there in Jesus that distinguished him from other men, but his understanding of the principles of Truth. Only through his greater understanding of life-principles could he have realized the power to do his mighty works. He understood himself, and therefore understood all men; and in understanding man he understood God. To study man is to study God. 'All that I do and greater works ye shall do.' He saw that every life is potentially perfect, and that no life had yet been perfected. Even himself he saw as imperfect.

"Had he possessed the power to do his wonderful works at, say twenty-five years of age, surely he would not have waited until he was thirty before manifesting it.

He knew that Love is the great law of life, and that no one could move into greater Light until the law is realized and fulfilled.

"If the imperfect man is not the man we are to Love, who then are we to Love. We know that to hate imperfection is to create and perpetuate imperfection; and we know that the beginning of Love is the beginning of perfection. Before we Love, we are merely on our way to the quay ere the great life-voyage begins.

"To maintain the Christian Science idea of God necessitated the bewildering logic that man is now sinless and perfect. This led to the further logic that, not only is man sinless, but that he cannot think evilly, much less suffer the consequences of evil thinking—disease. And this in the face of a world of wickedness. Thereof was born the all-perplexing tangle of all time. The nothingness of evil was maintained, but never was explained.

"The explanation being left to its followers, who, to a unit, were commanded to stay within the confines of the Christian Science letter, is it at all strange that many found themselves in a whirl of complexity, and so tangled in its inexplicable letter, that the one vital truth, Love is the law, was almost lost sight of.

"Evil has no real existence. But this is a mere statement until it is *seen* that evil is not real. Evil is not to be denied out of reality; it has to be reasoned and realized out of reality.

"Man was declared to be a counterfeit of the real. Is the bud a counterfeit before the rose is unfolded.

"Such a concept of God and man, made man too little a thing to find himself when lost.

"Her conclusions did not lend themselves to the light that there has always been too much of God and too little of man.

"God is to be seen as *all* or not at all.

"The great compassion of Jesus for his brothermen, was born of his seeing that man is under the pitiable burden of fearing a God that he, himself, created. Every fear, with which man has been burdened, was humanly contrived.

"Every fear, and therefore, every evil that has shackled and held man enslaved, was born of the fear of God.

"Of man and himself, Jesus said this:

*"For which of these works do you stone me?"*

"They answered him, saying, *'For a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because thou, being a man, makest thyself God.'*

"Jesus answered, *'Is it not written in your law, "I said ye are Gods." If He called them Gods why is it blasphemy that I say I am the son of God? The Father is in me and I in Him.'*—(Mind is in me and I in Mind.)

"And now, Justus, I ask your undivided thought for upon that which I will now propound, rest, in my mind, the deeper truths of spiritual philosophy. And yet I am loth to proceed for the reason that I have seen so much inclination on the part of the student of mind to put the intellectual above all else. His love of logic is greater than his love of Love. Selfishness demands logical proof ere it will accept; Love is the great light, and yet, it makes no demands. Love, and all else shall be added. Love is all logic; all proof.

"When we have attained to something like the Christ spirit it will be through Love, not through logic."

The Doctor paused, looking inquiringly at Carstairs, who promptly divined his meaning:

"Go ahead. I'm listening," said Carstairs.

The Doctor proceeded: "Once I set great store by subconscious mind, and cause and effect as applied to it. Now, since it is true that spirit is all, it must follow that everything we are cognizant of is spirit in expression—everything in evidence is as it is because it has been thought into evidence. So then, it must also be true that the human mind in accepting, as matter, that which is in evidence, has also set up a law of cause and effect in connection therewith. By endowing materiality with power and law, man has, by so thinking, created both causes and effects. The evidences and proof of their reality are before us because they have been *thought into evidence*.

"For example: On a wholly material plane of mind it may be declared and proved, that, for a time there is happiness in sin; while from a higher plane of thinking, it is clearly seen that sin can have no sequels but sickness, suffering and death. If cause and effect as applied to the physical plane, were absolute, then every cause would have the same effect upon one life as upon another.

"Experience disproves this. Have we not seen that one may do, without consequent suffering, that which would wreck another's health and peace of mind. The man of physics explains this by declaring a difference in constitution of the individuals considered. But what is this difference in constitution but in constitution of mind. The unconscious sinner may go far afield before his day of reckoning; while the conscious sinner pays the price and—quickly. The conscious sinner carries two burdens: one, the burden of wrong living; the other, the *fear* of the consequences of his sinning. *Fear-thought* is intense thought and so will call into evidence whatever is deeply feared.

"One man falls from a height of five feet to his death; another falls one hundred feet and arises uninjured. Again the materialist insists 'that it just happened so.' Of course it just happened so for the reason that it had to happen so, because of the most certain of causes—state of mind. Chance played absolutely no part in it.



"We say that matter feels, suffers, dies—and from the material plane of consciousness, readily prove it. And yet, what more have we done than to accede to commonly accepted opinion. Lazarus was dead for days. Had Jesus accepted sense evidence as final, it is extremely probable that Lazarus and his friends would have continued to think that he was dead.

"Don't you see, Justus, that, if Christ actually raised the dead, and that it is within the power of man to do all and more than he, there is sure to come a tremendous awakening some day. Don't you see that it is all a matter of spiritual awakening.

"The planes of spiritual seeing are a stairway to the stars, without end. Each and every plane of thought limits its occupants to a mental vision within its scope. Of necessity he who is on the first or fifth step of the psychic stairway cannot comprehend that which is discerned by one on a higher plane. Each being, on his respective plane, holds, as truth, that which is visible, for the reason that it is all that he has to hold to—all that is within sight."

"What is spiritual thinking, as distinct from any other kind of thinking?" Carstairs asked.

"Spiritual thinking is the study of spirit—Mind. In other words, spiritual thinking is the study of man, which must begin with a study of self. Spirituality is the expression or proof of one's understanding of spirit. The same intelligence that studies the laws of chemistry

mechanics, or the laws and truth of anything, is the same intelligence that studies spirit and its truths. One may know much of the material sciences and yet know nothing of the science of mind. One science presents no greater difficulties of comprehension than another, providing the degree of desire to learn is as great in one instance as in the other.

"Among the 'holier than thous' there is a stubborn tendency to claim that spiritual truth is arrived at through a source entirely foreign to that intelligence which comprehends material law. To accept such a conclusion as truth would be to deny the uses of intelligence in any other field than that of spirit. Such confusion in thinking should be put forever aside.

"If the mighty works of Edison, Burbank, Marconi and others of their mental height, were not realized through the same intelligence which apprehends spiritual law, it might be well for all of us to get better acquainted with the inner life of these gentlemen.

"There are those who assert that spiritual truth is too lofty a theme for the uses of reason. True, any attempt to reason spiritual truth from the material plane is useless; just as it is useless to argue democracy from the plane of republicanism.

"Reason deals with the provable. That which cannot be reasoned cannot be proved. No step in spiritual progress can be taken without the sanction of reason.

"The type of being who emotionally accepts the letter of spiritual science before personal test is made, is probably accountable for the so-said insufficiency of reason. It is best never to assert beyond our power to prove. We can wing our way to larger truths only as we unburden ourselves of little falsities.

"For such reasons I am holding only to that upon which I can reason. It was once unreasonable, to my mind, for one to postulate a mortal mind and deny its reality at the same time. It was unreasonable at the time because I did not understand the statement.

"Reality means permanency. Therefore, mortal mind is not real because it is not permanent. Mortal mind is merely that state of mind or opinion which mistakenly maintains that man is irrevocably allied to sin, sickness and death.

"To move on to a satisfying confidence that man is perfect in Truth, must ever mean that he who has so realized, has cast off the burden of self and sin."

Carstairs was in a state of profound astonishment as he queried: "Do you mean to tell me that you have accepted that Christian Science absurdity that man is perfect in truth? I can't realize it! You're going altogether too far!"

"Yes,—if what I mean is what Christian Science means—yes, exactly so. Man is perfect in Truth, for the reason that perfection is realized only in Truth.

Truth is perfection. Man approaches Truth only as he approaches perfection.

"Just as there is a right way and a wrong way to do all things, so there is a right way and a wrong way to see all things. To do anything rightly necessitates an understanding of the principles governing the thing to be done. If a machine is to be constructed, the principles of mechanics must first be understood.

"And so with spirit-building: If one is to build for the larger life he must not only understand the principles of character-building, but must know what he has to overcome as well as that which he has to acquire. Nothing is done rightly until our highest sense of perfection is realized. Not until man's highest powers are unfolded has he expressed himself, nor can he be at peace. Between the crude man and the Christ man there is no stopping point.

"Every phase of evil and suffering is born nowhere but in human consciousness. As long as we accede to matter the capacity to suffer and enjoy, we shall be unable to enjoy without suffering. All joy, all power, all life, all truth is in mind.

"We suffer until we see.



## CHAPTER XV.

**A**ND now, Justus, supposing we just divest ourselves of all that absurd dignity so incumbent upon the grown-up ; put aside all prejudice, all fossilized belief and opinion, all self-idolatry and all contention, and just be children again—just two little boys who have hurried home from the new school, and being filled with the ever-new subject of God, have sat down to talk it over.

“First of all, let us try to clear away the common and false conception of the meaning of the word ‘God.’ Through all the years the word ‘God’ has filled the mind of man with the image of an all-powerful and all-directing personality, and, therefore, a sense of His utter separateness from all beings here below. It has been quite impossible, even for educated minds, to think of God without instantly picturing a great personality.

“And so, to clear our minds, let us eliminate for a time the word ‘God’ and hold to the meaning of God—Mind—all and in all. And for the reason that the more man has dwelt upon God as apart from himself, the more he has magnified and feared God and distorted and belittled himself.

"The farther man has removed God from himself the farther has he removed himself from Truth, and thus suppressed and stifled his own potentialities.

"'Who hath seen me hath seen the Father.'

"Mind, or God, is greater than one being for the reason that God is *all* beings.

"God can be understood only in the light of *allness—All Mind—All Intelligence*. To simply say that God is Good is to resolve God merely to the proportions of good. Good—right living—is the law of life; not the creative power itself.

"God has always lived in man's thought as the highest being or power of which he could think. When he can see in himself every attribute with which he has endowed his God, he will then see himself as a God.

"Confusion has arisen, not because of the word *God* but because of misuse of the word. Eliminate personality and use the word *God* as meaning All Mind, just as we use the word *world* for the earth and all things thereon, and confusion ceases.

"The time has come for simplification. For too long we have been tied and entangled in the complex, the obscure and the fearsome. Let us come out of it. All truth is simple.

"Remember, now we are simply children—open-minded, ingenuous and unafraid. There shall be no solemnity, no muffling of tones, neither fear nor awe. We cannot think that God is afraid of us, so why

should we be afraid of God. Being thus freed, we may see more clearly than older and wiser ones, for, even though we speak as children we may see as grown men and women should see:

"They told us that God is all and in all—all that there is, is God.

"And what is God?

"God, they said, is spirit and spirit is Mind.

"And now we are looking out through the little windows of our souls for God—looking for Mind in whatever our eyes behold: From the atom of dust up to the lofty mountain; from the raindrop to the mighty sea; upon everything from the tiny seed up to the towering oak.

"And are these Mind? Yes.

"They are expressions of Mind or God, just as wireless telegraphy and the isthmus canal, as marvels of mechanical engineering, are the conceptions and expressions of Mind in Man.

"Mind is in the crocus and the moonlight—in all things big and little, for life is in all and *all life is Mind*. Even the stones and metals, under the microscope, reveal life.

"But these cannot think, you say. How do we know? Mind is in *all*.

"The worm can think to squirm and evade its captor; why not the crocus think?



"Before it could be sensible to deny the biblical edict that Mind is in all, one would have to know what mind is. We know what Mind is only to the extent that we know what electricity is—no more than how to use and direct it.

"Mind is in the seed of the crocus up to the need of the crocus. Just as man with his mind may think and dream himself into the powers of a creator, so the seed of the crocus dreams itself into the perfect flower.

"Where then are we to find God in the uttermost?

"Obviously we shall find God in the uttermost where Mind is in the uttermost.

"Mind, in its highest expression, is in Man.

*"Man, then, is God identified.*

"God being all the Mind there is, it follows that all the power there is, is Mind.

"Mind is creative and eternal, so Man is both creative and eternal.

"God is man's highest idea and ideal of himself—a creator.

"This is what Jesus had realized when he fed the multitude. Being a man and therefore, creative, he proved his oneness with God through his own power to create. He created—thought into existence—the bread that fed the multitude, and with this manifestation of creative power, proved that bread and all things in truth are spirit.

"Man continues to till the soil, plant the seed, grind the wheat and make it into bread, for the reason that he knows no other way to create bread; just as for centuries he was compelled to use the sharpened stick until the plow was thought into existence; just as for centuries he had to do with extreme labor the thousand and one things which are now being done better with wonderfully conceived machinery; just as he was compelled to rely on material remedies until all healing was seen to be spiritual.

"Because of fear, man has not dared to think of himself as anything higher than that which he was educated to think. He will live more fully only as he comprehends more fully. Fear is born only of darkness.

"All that is, is mind. *Need* it is, or that which man conceives to be his need, that rouses him to call into use his creative power: When radium and the X-Ray seemed to be needs they appeared; when the Dinosaur and other extinct creatures were no longer needed they ceased to exist.

"While man continues to throw search-lights on the body in search of cause, he will fail to find it. All cause is in Mind. Nevertheless, he will continue to think into expression that which he conceives to be his needs and his needs shall be greater and greater and still greater with the passing of years.

"What did Jesus mean when he said: '*Our Father,*' but that our Father is Father of all. 'Call no man on

earth your father.' His mind was his Father as our mind is our Father. We dream our dreams in our Father—our mind—and realize them through the Father our mind. We will create ourselves in the image and likeness of Perfection in degree as we crave Perfection.

"Is there a law of God or Mind?

"Yes. The law is righteousness, and this law has its proof in the fact that *unrighteousness destroys man's health, happiness and his power to create.*

"All unrighteousness begins in fear.

"*All fear began with the fear of God.*

"Man is divine in degree as he dares.

"Is there a law of righteousness?

"Yes. Love is the law. We are righteous in degree as we Love.

"What relation does Love bear to sex and sentiment?

"None.

"What then is meant by Love?

"Love is *illumination*. Naught but Love comprehends the miracle of miracles—man.

"Love is the *supreme need*. Love, as the fulfilling of the law, means that man cannot know his possibilities for peace and power until the law is fulfilled.

"Love is not a closing of the eyes and being blind to human fault and darkness; Love opens the eyes of the soul to seeing *why* the fault and the darkness.

"Love is that which awakens with seeing that evil is only night still lingering in the soul.

"Love is that all-inclusive compassion which would gather under its great healing wings all who are weary and laden. Weary of and laden with what?—the burden of self.

"Love is super-seeing. *Love sees that those who have sinned most have hungered most for Love.*

"And therein is explained the eternal enigma of the moralist: why is it that there is so much of sin in those in whom there is so much of good.

"Not until the chrysalis of self is shattered can the spirit of Love be liberated.

"And now bear with me a little longer, Justus, while I again turn to the 'Way and the life.' Love it is that is filling the barren and sunless spaces in the lives of dependent children through the loving work of Jane Addams and her blessed kind.

"Love it is that is leading our Carnegies out of the soulless clay of covetousness into the warming tenderness of world-wide charity.

"Love it is that lifted the soul of Henry Ford into a work of such practical helpfulness as to have no like example in history. 'Give me,' he said to our men of government, 'your Sing Sing prisoners, and I will make men of them.' Every criminal and outcast coming under the benign influences at work in the

Ford plant has been made a useful, self-sustaining and self-respecting citizen.

"Henry Ford is so very big a man and his work so lovingly unique that I know not how to classify him. I can forgive in myself but one form of covetousness—I covet the power for good manifested in Henry Ford. I doubt that in all the world there is one being who has found greater peace than he.

"Along with these big souls we are not to forget Thomas Mott Osborne. If the light that he has shed into the dark recesses of a state prison could only find its way into the minds of the millions imprisoned in self, what a world this would be—what a world!

"Why have we crowned our Abraham with the laurel of immortality and kept green his memory, while others who occupied the same high position that he did, are almost lost in the mists of memory.

"Lincoln loved and lived for his fellowmen. While other leaders courted the limelight for self-aggrandizement, Lincoln, in the quietude of his own great soul, thought and wrought in behalf of his brothermen.

"Few have stood closer to the Great Light than Abe. He was a child of the dawn and darkness knew him not, yet he knew darkness and saw through it. He was big enough to be least, and so he was big enough to be very great.

"Once when Abe the beloved, accompanied by members of his cabinet, were walking slowly along one

of the streets of Washington, he came upon a little fretting robin, at the foot of a shade-tree, too weak to get back to its nest. It was at that time of war. Lincoln and his associates were at the moment occupied with the problems of the trying time. Abe had passed by the bird before he was fully conscious of what he had seen. He turned about and went back. Then gathering the little thing in his great bony hands, he straightway climbed the tree, bearing the robin to its nest.

"Asked by one of his amazed associates how he, President of the United States, could so far forget his dignity, Lincoln merely answered, '*I feel better.*'"

"When all the world sees that to be greatly kind is to 'feel better,' then all the world will be bigger and kinder and 'feel better.'"



## CHAPTER XVI.

**A**T this point of the Doctor's discourse, Carstairs, who had been showing signs of restlessness, got up from his seat and after pacing the close-by spaces, he stopped abruptly and said:

"With all that you have said, you haven't answered my question yet. I asked you to explain away evil. If evil is not a distinct force, don't think that I'm not willing to be shown!"

"I like your insistence, Justus—no half-measure or light will suffice you. And so let us together track the dragon Evil to its lair.

"To reconcile evil with a Creative power of Perfection, is, I fully agree, impossible. I also realize that the attempted explanation, 'Evil is a belief of mortal mind is not an explanation; for to have imposed upon man a *belief* in evil would be quite as impossible to a God of Love as for Him to have established actual evil. If evil is a distinct force, then the idea of a Creator of all goodness must go.

"In spiritual science a point has been reached where it is no longer sufficient to recognize the cause of a thing; it is necessary to seek for, find and consider the cause of the cause.



"Suffering, we are assured, has its cause in evil thinking; evil thinking, what is its cause? I answer, evil has its origin wholly in *FEAR*.

"To illustrate, let us begin with evil in that form which we view with greatest horror and revulsion—the taking of human life. Let us apply it, for example, to a home despoiled of its peace and happiness:

"Cause, a scoundrel and a guilty wife; consequence, a maddened husband and the shooting of the villainous despoiler.

"Why did the half-crazed husband kill? you ask.

"I answer, because of *fear*.

"No, you say, he killed because of humiliation and the disgrace of it. His pride was hurt.

"Then I have to ask you, what is at the base of humiliation and disgrace but *fear*. With the first suspicion of his wife's disloyalty the poison of jealousy surged and swept through his veins, with hate increasing as his fears increased.

"The disgrace of the situation reflected upon him as much as upon the wife. He knew in his heart that he had not been worthy of a good woman's love and respect. There were *reasons* for her disloyalty.

"If, in the injured husband's heart there was no sense of insufficiency, no thought but that he was fully worthy of the fealty of his wife, there would have been no fear of his wife's dishonor, and therefore, no hate

in his heart. He hated the man because the man made him hate himself.

"This, I know, is harking a long way back to get at the cause of present experiences, but cause is cause no matter how far back it may lead us. Both the man who shot and the man who was shot were victims of original sin, rightly named *original fear*.

"No matter what are the secondary causes in any phase of evil the first cause is ever the one—fear.

"Bring this reasoning down to the underworld, the lowest level of civilized humanity, and the same cause applies. The gunman, born of and reared among the most degraded of beings, without one softening influence in his life, how can he face the world of common decency and industry and expect to cope with it. He is in nowise equipped for the part. His degree of fear to fight against such odds would stay the sturdiest of souls. And so he uses the only forces he has at hand—brute strength and cunning.

"Why do men struggle for riches and then after its acquirement, trample upon every law of love and justice in order to acquire more riches. Fear is the reason—fear that they may lose that which is possessed.

"Whom, among men in any walk of life, would stoop to fraud and trickery lest it were that they feared their ability to secure their needs honorably."

"Let's go back to the despoiler. Where did fear play any part in his leading the woman astray?" Carstairs interrogated.

"For an answer to your question we will have to go back of the immediate now. Psychologists and others have found proof that only the children born of love grow into normal, healthy manhood and womanhood; and that those conceived in lust are thus perverted, just as are the offspring of mothers who dread and shirk the pains and responsibilities of motherhood. These are the parental type, upon the children of whom, are visited the fears and sins of the fathers and mothers.

"Oh, God! when will fathers and mothers see the sacred responsibilities of the marriage tie? When will they understand? When will their souls awaken and take heed? Just as long as fathers and mothers grovel in fear and sin, just that long shall their children be fearful and sinful. Like must ever beget like."

Carstairs was moved to feeling as he watched the speaker struggle with something in his throat ere he could proceed:

"All evil is born of *fear*. Jealousy, as one form of evil, exists only where there is fear that someone or something will be taken from us. Jealousy is the confession of an acute sense of inferiority, carried at times to such a degree of inflammation that the sufferer takes life for relief.

"Hate, anger, resentment and that pitiable bugaboo 'injured pride,' all have their origin in fear. One fears and hates another into such depths of mutual hatred that mortal combat is the one recourse, just as the nations now at war feared and hated each other until the world's saddest hour of darkness, destruction, horror and death is being endured.

"Follow any form of evil to its beginning and find anything but fear if you can.

"To concede power to evil of any kind is to grant substance to shadow. Evil is wholly an effect. Evil is never more than the shadows that fear casts. And this is why those fail who wrestle with evil in the hope of ousting it from the soul.

"Fear is a universal heritage. If it does not manifest itself in one form it is most certain to in another. One who is without fear on a battlefield may hurry to cover in a thunderstorm. Fear so dominates the average man that he is too fearful to admit that he fears anything. Fear is man's only enemy.

"If we could know the actual percentage of drunkards who originally took to drink for no other reason than to quell the torments of their fears, I venture to say that the figures would astound us. Drink gives to sensitive, fearful souls the courage that should have been theirs by birth. Here again we see the sins of the fathers visited.

"The drunkard destroys himself because he finds so little in himself worthy of preservation. He is the weed-life because he is of the seed of the weed-life. His parentage gave him all that it had to give—darkness.

"Many a soul groping his way out of the shadows has been led into deeper darkness and despair through the fears born of contemplating the dread possibilities of 'malicious animal magnetism,' than which, no phase of fear has any less reason to exist.

"And now that the monster Evil is resolved to its actual proportions, that of a microbe, how shall we be delivered out of its pestiferous bondage.

"There is only one deliverer, Justus, only one—light. Light lifts the soul out of all fear. Light is Love. God is Love. Ye shall have no other Gods before Love; there is no other God but Love. All is self-love until all are loved. He who has Love asks only that he may love. When the soul awakens into the law, where then shall evil be—where?

"Guided by the light that Love is the all-healing power, the healer takes no part in the denial of anything. His office is to fill the soul of the sufferer with the one great need—Love.

"All evil is *fear* and fear cannot dwell in a mind into which Love is flooding. Through the Love-power the sufferer is lifted up and into the light. Fear cannot live where Love is any more than night can be where day is.

"Jesus came with truth. What is truth? Over and over he emphasized the new commandment: 'Love ye one another;' 'Love thy neighbor as thyself;' 'Love those that hate you.' Love is the fulfilling of the law.

"What is it that the student of spiritual science seeks in gorging himself with volumes of verbiage intended to enlighten. What is it all for? What will he have when he gets it? Nothing more than this, that self must be conquered ere Love can be realized.

"All babble over the differences in letter and logic, is simply an effort to avoid the consummate task of letting go of self and moving straight to the goal—Love.

"It matters not whether one declares himself a Christian Scientist follower of Christ, a Mental Scientist, Protestant or Catholic follower of Christ, if he shirks the law of Love he shirks all, for the law is *all*. He is not a follower of anything but self and habit until he is a follower of Christ."

"Is—is there anything in the old field that you are going to stick to?"

Carstairs' tone was so boyishly rueful that the Doctor hastened to reply: "Understand me, Justus, all that Mental Science has given me I still hold to. What I have tried to make clear is the mistake of surrendering to any school of thought more than judgment will sanction. We have been making too much of our schools of thought and too little of the great soul whose teachings we have pretended to follow. We have

differed and wrangled over trifles and thus lost sight of the great light.

"The teachings of Christian Science are in keeping with the word of Jesus, 'Heal the sick . . . .'"

"This being the thing to do first, naturally the instruction how to heal was and still is the primary teaching.

"Hence, to 'know thyself' was of secondary importance; and it may safely be said that the tremendous following that Christian Science drew to its teachings was not because its teachings accorded with the Christ idea of God and man, for they do not; but through their gratitude for health restored and for greater peace of mind. It was by obeying the command of Jesus to heal the sick that gave Christian Science its mighty following.

"And so, had the Christian Scientist originally consecrated to the study of self—which event would surely have retarded his knowledge of how to heal—it is quite certain that the progress in spiritual healing now attained, would have been deterred for years to come.

"The specific desire of the Mental Scientist is that of self-knowledge, self-control and self-cultivation. His is a work of introspection and adjustment of his disposition up to the standard set by Mental Science—based upon the teachings of Jesus.

"With the achievement of his desires and the resultant benefits, there comes the ability to attract to himself

material plentifulness, and then, a lethargy, from which he rarely recovers. His is a state of smug complacency, and with a growing sense of self-superiority, naturally his interests circle wholly around himself. He rests on his laurels.

"Are his the limits of an awakened life? Has he no farther to go? Can he do nothing for no one but himself? What of those who, in the midnight of their darkness and despair, cry, 'Help! Help!' Has he nothing for them?

"He scoffs at the reasoning of the Christian Scientist, but what is *he* doing to heal the sick and ease the load of the burdened? Does he help them by quoting passages from eminent authors, or by telling them what Mental Science did for him?

"'Bear ye one another's burdens.'

"Jesus saw in his brothermen no limitations. The healing power is not exclusive to the elect; all may heal who will try to understand. What means have we of proving the Christ-truths equal to that of healing spiritually. Jesus' work was ever a work of helpfulness, and he suffered no failures. Why do we sometimes fail? We fail because we are still in fear.

"That all men shall some day attain to Jesus' power is inevitable.

To lose sight of the Christ plane *now* is to lose sight of the law of Love *now* and so to lose sight of the need of more and greater Love *now*.



"We realize in degree as we serve. All work leading up to the Christ plane must be a work of helpfulness.

"Christian Science has survived because of the ability of its followers to heal; Mental Science, by making it possible to heal self through the improvement of character. The moment that one disparages the work of the other as a means to human betterment, that moment marks his confession to mental abbreviation.

"What, if, five thousand years before Christ, the Vedas did teach a system of healing the body through the power of thought, who has profited by it in our day? Why was it lost through all the years between the day of Christ and the appearance of Christian Science?

"Recently, a stricken woman wrote to a noted exponent of New Thought for advice and comfort. Since she had been told that she could not live, she wished to know how to die.

"The noted exponent half-heartedly referred to the different schools of mental healing, to X-Ray and other cures; and then launched into a criticism of the selfishness of invalids who had little consideration for those not doomed so soon to die.

"The sick woman had besought her for encouragement and love. She was given a recipe for resignation.

"Good God! that poor woman did not want to be told how to die! She wanted only to be told how she might *live*. There is no disease that cannot be

healed for those who long to live. Not anyone should die until he is willing to die.

"We must put more faith in our own power for good. There is no condition of disease and suffering that Love cannot heal. *With perfect Love there must be perfect healing.*

"'All that I do and greater works ye shall do.'

"*Someone must arise and claim his own!*

"*Someone must be great enough to dare to be greater!*

"*When someone dares, others will dare!*

"*Someone will. We get what we seek.*"

"Does your idea of Love go so far as to embrace that impractical notion of Jesus, that, if one ask you to give your cloak, you are to give your coat, also?" Carstairs cynically inquired.

"One of the greatest mistakes that we have made in our judgment of Jesus is in regarding him in the light of a very good and wonderful man, but scarcely in that of a practical man. We have made ourselves believe that the principles he taught could not endure in our complex civilization. *It should be observed that this decision was embraced before a test was made to prove the fallacy of his judgment. Despite our worship of him and our 'blessed-be-his-name' talk, we have always thought ourselves a little wiser in some things than he.*

"Don't you remember, Justus, my talk of one year ago, wherein I said that every act of our lives is a reach for gratification? If not, please try and remember this:

never did Jesus make one request that meant sacrifice to one who would heed him.

"What is practicability, Justus? Whatever we do that adds to our peace and power, is that not a practical act? Has money ever bought peace? Has anything ever brought peace but Love?

"When you have experienced the joy that is born with the death of fear, you will know that you can never again return to empty selfishness. Selfishness is an armor we put on for protection; an armor so impenetrable that light—all that can ever give power to and glorify the soul—cannot enter.

"For long we argue against giving; against going the mile when the rod seems far enough to go. What, we ask ourselves, will be gained if we encourage the slothful, the neer-do-well and the imposter. Have we not given to the pauper and sot and gotten not even gratitude in return. Have they not always taken advantage of us and imposed on our good nature and generosity. In giving to the drunkard, are we not in reality pushing him nearer the grave than if we had mercifully refused him. Furthermore, had we not wisely decided that the most that can be done to help another is to help him to help himself.

"Thus we argue until all charity seems mistaken. It may have been right in Jesus' time, but not in this besotted age. We wonder how Jesus could have made such a mistake.

"And then upon a day—memorable while we have breath and being—we are strangely impelled to step ahead of ourselves and *try*—to put self behind us long enough to be *sure* what it means to Love. And lo, with the new spirit, something of dead-weight lifts from our souls; something more of self has died; something more of Love is born. And oh, the tremendousness of the relief!

"We know then that we have been making the same mistake that the entire Christian church-world has made for centuries—*of trusting him only in part*.

"We see anew: we, who once gave to be relieved of the sight of the impoverished, now give that we may draw *nearer* to them.

"We, who, in our hearts, despised the beggar and weakling, *now see them as souls sinned against. We are all children of the One Mind—brothers one with another. And we have turned against and sinned against them even more shamefully than they have sinned.*

"That which we saw as iniquity and worthlessness, now we see only as darkness.

"*Surely the mind that contains so much of darkness can hold equally as much of light.*

We see anew: the man rightly born is impelled, because of his natural strength of mind and body, to strive and do for himself. Under no condition of deprivation could he suffer more than to be denied the privilege of using his powers and upholding his independence; the

shirker—the incapable—born and cursed with the deadening sense of his insufficiency, and damned and ditched into deeper uselessness through the contempt of his fellowmen, what is there for him to do but shirk?

"This I have said before. It will bear repeating:

*"Every being is ever doing as well as he can; not how well he may wish to do, but as well as he can, under the burden of inherited wrong impulse swaying him.*

"Whatever little light has come to me has dawned because I have earnestly sought it. It has come in a succession of slow, even painful, steps; and yet, not for all the world's treasure would I go back to where I stood before the last step was taken.

"I never knew how little I understood until I saw that nothing short of the Christ-plane was the goal.

"Time and again through the years I have stood at the threshold of Love, with the silken latchet of the door in my hand. At times I pressed open the door wide enough to see what was within for me, yet, despite the enchanting lure of peace assured, something withheld me from entering. I came to see that it was pride that held me.

"I saw that through all the years my love had grown only for the worthy; there were those whose offenses were still too great for me to condone. In the realm of Love there is no middle-ground—we Love all or none. Love cannot be realized until self is conquered; self cannot be conquered until we see and understand our fears.

"I looked into my innermost self and found that I had never truly understood the meaning of Love. I had been, though unconsciously, fearful that my own might be taken from me. *My own* cannot be taken from me.

"There was in my secret self a belief that Love would come with the fuller realization that all is spirit; not so; *not until Love was realized did the skies of spirit clear.*

"With this came the awakening. In the ashes of the old self I planted the seed of a larger faith, and these are blossoming into the peace that surpasseth.

"While there is in all the world of man one soul against whom the heart would turn, self is still ruler. Love is all-embracing. None can sink to depths so low but that Love, in its all-inclusive compassion, will reach down and lift.

*"There is no way to Love but through the greater emancipation."*

. . . . .

With the conclusion of the Doctor's long talk, Philip Lee, who had sat at the speaker's side, without word or sign of being for or against—now, without turning his eyes upon him, reached and felt for his hand. The pressure of the big man's grasp meant much. It was an unspoken compact of unity—an agreement to stand by and be with.

This moved the Doctor to feelingly say, "Philip and Justus, my friends, mine is the dream of the peacemaker—mine, the yearning of one who would

*help.* I long to bring together the hands and hearts of my brothermen—to anneal with Love the jagged and bleeding ends of the broken bond: to link soul with soul in a wedlock of eternal oneness—the oneness of Truth and Love.

*"There cannot be oneness with God until there is oneness with Man. God and Man are one. Mine is the dream of the peacemaker.*

*"Not through organization is our work to be done; not by opposing the faiths of others; nor by uttering warnings in talk tabernacles; but by living for and loving every living thing each and every day alike—helping and healing.*

*"The coming of righteousness will mark the passing of religion. We put aside our crutches when we can walk without them.*

*"It has always been easier to worship a God than to be a God.*

*"I have nothing new to give. We have not required a new teaching; we have needed only light upon the old.*

*"If my words fail to echo the spirit of the Master, they are as nothing and shall die. Nothing but Truth can live.*

*"The hunger of the soul is for Light—Love.*

*"When the soul's hunger is fed all hunger is fed.*

*"Naught but Love can wipe the world's tears away.*

*"Love is the fulfilling of the law."*

## SOME DAY

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A singer will come to the world some day,  
And the world shall be still and hear,  
For a song shall start from the singer's heart  
That shall bid the wrongs of the wronged depart ;  
—And many shall draw anear.

Unto the proud shall the song be sung ;  
The meek, the mighty, the clever ;  
To all the world of hungering hearts—  
And the song shall live forever.

He will sing of a Love we've known in dreams,  
But ne'er in a world of greed ;  
He will sing of a Peace that shall not cease  
When Love has found its full release  
And the soul has found its need.

He shall come as sure as day with the dawn,  
With a fuller Light—and then  
He shall sing to the brain and soul of man,  
Till the heart shall say: *Amen*.









the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in all age groups, but the increase has been most marked in the young (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems in the young has increased from 1.5% in 1980 to 3.5% in 1990 (Mental Health Foundation 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of the young. The World Health Organization (WHO) has identified the need for a 'mental health strategy for the young' (WHO 1993). The WHO has identified the need for a 'mental health strategy for the young' (WHO 1993). The WHO has identified the need for a 'mental health strategy for the young' (WHO 1993).

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